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ਸ੍ਰੀ ਸਤਿਗੁਰੂ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ ਸਹਾਇ ॥

EVER GREEN

NIHAL SINGH



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To

***Hail Hail Sri Satguru Partap Singhji
Maharaj, compassionate of Purity and
Nam-Bani in this dark age.***

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?

In my teens sitting beside Sant Virsa Singh S/o Suba Mann Singh of Gill No. 114, one of my friends, on the bank of the canal running by, hopefully expressed my wish to try my pen on the life of great Satguru Ram Singh, Messenger of Peace and pioneer of freedom struggle of India. Though my that desire is still hanging in balance, yet by the grace of Sat Guru Jagjit Singhji this humble attempt, on taking down some of factful events of Godfearing and Godloving people is fulfilled.

The supreme genrous Sat Guru Partap Singh well informed on all subjects used to seat amidst his followers and narrate valuable events of ancient and present history. His expression of thought wonderfully Charming turned even the dead into life. Myself very often had a chance to hear him, who with his loving nature asked me to note, so that they might help during time of need. I bowed and did follow. It is his kind advice that has helped to take down a few points during my life.

I do admit that it is not English but Englified Punjabi Versions for those, dwellers far off in the west and eager to know their great grant ancestors. Shri Rajinder Singh Chana directed me to carry on his suggestions. I am greatly indebted to Shri Surjeet Khurshidi, Ajit Singh Secretary All India Namdhari Vidyak Jatha and Jaswinder Singh M.A. due to going through and expressing appreciations.

Also Bibi Beant Kaur principal Shaheed Bishen Singh Memorial School New Delhi, who under instructions of his H.H. Sat Guru Jagjit Singh has taken special pains by tendering valuable suggestions. H.S. Hanspal deserves every thanks for arrangements of its publication.

Readers are requested to go through and impart suggestions, which will be accepted thankfully.

Author.



O Namdhari's ! those who don't pay heed to the Name of God nor contemplate over it, would certainly extinct. This is not my word, it is the order of God,

—Satguru Partap Singh Ji.

A FEW WORDS

Shri Nihal Singh is a retired Headmaster and manager of Sri Guru Hari Singh Maha-Vidyalyaya. He had served the Namdhari Community in numerous ways. He had been the President of the Namdhari Darbar and the first president of the All India Namdhari Vidyak Jatha. He was awarded the title of Panth-Rattan, by His Holiness Sri Sat Guru Jagjit Singh Ji in 1965 for his dedicated services to the Namdhari Community.

He is an eminent Scholar. He has authored numerous books in Punjabi and a few in English as well. He has a keen desire to propogate the message of peace and spiritualism, as preached by our Great Sikh Gurus; to one and all with the same objective. He has written this book in English for the benefit of those, who can't read Punjabi. The book comprises some of the selected real happenings in the recent times. Its subject matter is written in simple language, easily understandable by a common man. I am quite confident that the reader would enjoy the facts narrated in this book and get motivated to follow the path of eternal truth.

May Sri Sat Guru Jagjit Singh Ji shower his pious blessings on Master Nihal Singh Ji to enable him contribute a lot more to Namdhari Literature.

BEANT KAUR

Principal

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Jan. 7, 1992.

FOREWORD

Satguru Ram Singh, the twelfth incarnation of Guru Nanak Dev, was the pioneer of the freedom struggle in Punjab and wanted to get India emancipated from the shackles of the Britishers. He was deported to Rangoon in January, 1872. The movement was carried on by Satguru Hari Singh Ji, and later by Satguru Partap Singh Ji till the country attained its Freedom.

Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji, the present Supreme Spiritual Head of Sikhs, succeeded Satguru Partap Singh Ji in 1959. Since then the Holiness is engaged in establishing world peace, universal harmony and brotherhood, upliftment of the downtrodden and the weaker sections of society, more so the younger generation.

Master Nihal Singh, the author of this book, had the privilege of being closely associated with the multifarious activities carried on by Satguru Ji. He is fortunate enough to meet many of the old stalwarts. So, he had the first hand information about many of the happenings which he has narrated in his book. He has contributed numerous books in Punjabi as well as in English.

The title of Panth Rattan was conferred on him by His Holiness Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji for his dedication and selfless service. The present book conveys the teachings of Satguru Ji through short stories in a simple but impressive language. I am sure, the readers would be immensely benefited by it.

**May Satguru Ji Shower his blessings upon
Master Nihal Singh to contribute lot more to the
community,**

**H. S. Hanspal
M.P.
2.3.92**



**Happiness draws where there is Name of
God. By Contemplating and reading of Scrip-
tures mind gets purified.**

—Satguru Partap Singh Ji

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Satguru Ram Singh Ji

His disciples soaked in the bliss of Nam
Gave up opium, hashish, poppy, liquor and
various other intoxicants.
They would not eat meat,
They would not steal.
They foresware adultery and deception.
They practised saintliness.
The Golden age had returned. —*Giani Gian Singh*

Happy are those who forget him not for a while. Remember 'There should be no eating of meat, drinking of wine, adulation, cheating, telling a lie, and stealing. If anyone, finds something lying on the ground, he may pick it up and make an announcement to have it, whom it belongs to.



Reserve one hour per day for counting beads. Donate the needy, feed the hungry and go on following your own path, rowing your own boat.

—Satguru Partap Singh ji.



Teachings of Satguru Partap Singh ji made multitude of people morally and ethically high. His followers played an honourable role in Social reforms, Rural uplift and Cow improvement. I hope his memories would remain ever green among his followers as well as admirers.

—Dr. Rajinder Prasad
Rashtarpati India.

A NATION'S STRENGTH

Not gold, but only men can make,
A People great and strong.
Men, who for truth and honour's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare, while others fly.
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

—*R.W. Emerson.*

ੴ ਸਤਿਗੁਰੂ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ ਸਹਾਇ ॥

CHEENI-WALA

‘Carpenter, Carpenter, Carpenter’

“What do you mean by this”?

“There is he at Bhaini.”

The foolish people visit him and offer presents. Some say, He is Guru Nanak; the others call him God. They all are fools”

“I, have also heard so. It is the talk of the town” said Mangal Singh of Bishanpura. ‘But I do not believe it so. If it is so the truth must be revealed.”

“Sardar Sahib ! If you do this, it will be a noble task”

“Alright, let us go tomorrow and see ourselves”

During their chat, they heard :

ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ ਮਰਨ ਹੈ ਦੂਰ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਪਾ ਲਏ ਨੇ ।
ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਪਾ ਲਏ ਨੇ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਨੈਣ ਲਗਾ ਲਏ ਨੇ ।
ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ ਮਰਨ ਹੈ ਦੂਰ ।

ਗੁਰੂ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਪੂਰਾ । ਉਹ ਕਰਦਾ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦਾ ਚੁਰਾ ।

ਉਹ ਉਣਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਰਦਾ ਪੂਰਾ, ਜਿਹੜੇ ਸ਼ਰਨੀ ਆ ਗਏ ਨੇ ।

Those, who have His Darshan, love him, attain solvation. Gurn Ram Singh, is the

eternal Truth. Those who take refuge under him are free from all worldly ailments and attain perfection.

“O, you mean worm ! are you the disciple of that Carpenter ?

The man flew into ecstasy and with due respect replied, “Yes Sardara ! I am his devotee. When I took his refuge all fortunes dawned upon me and the Evil forces disappeared. I was a loose character, of such a low degree that even Yama would have rebukingly ordered me to be put into hell. But this Great Lord has turned me lighter than air. You call him a Carpenter. Yes, he is the carpenter, who created heaven and earth, who made sun and stars. Well sardara ! do not be proud of your worldly possessions. Do not miss the chance kiss His feet”

“Sardar Sahib ! have you seen ? What magic works there” ?

“Leave it here let us go to Bhaini tomorrow”

Next day Mangal Singh with his attendants on his white mare left for Sri Bhaini Sahib. As the party was about to enter the holy place, on seeing him, the white mare neighed. The True Guru with his followers, was on his way to bless, some one. Mangal Singh enquired of them, if there was any Guru Ram Singh. The reply was in positive. One of the Sikhs led the visitors to a house, where the party was served with food to their satisfaction.

At night Mangal Singh, in a dream beheld a wonderful scene. He was sitting in a tastefully decorated hall. In the centre of the hall there was a peerless throne, studded with jewels. There was a gathering of distinguished angels and gods. All glamour was in full swing. All at once a tall

handsome figure, of bewitching eyes, arms running to knees, descended from skies. Upon this sight there was a loud cheer "Bole So Nihal, Sat Sri Akal".

All the present stood up to pay their regards. The attendant waved the chaur upon the Lord, Satguru Ram Singh Ji.

With the shout Mangal Singh woke up and was surprised. He took bath and went to Durbar, but the programme had concluded. Men and women were returning in quite soberiety or murmuring Gurban!. None was idle. Every one was at work. No nonsense talk was heard.

He was feeling ashamed of his absence from the Holy congregation and was too eager to attend the evening session.

Afternoon the holy assembly took place. The ragis were busy in singing hymn.

ਤੁਮ ਚੰਦਨ ਹਮ ਅਰਿੰਡ ਬਾਪਰੇ ਸੰਗ ਤੁਮ੍ਹਾਰੇ ਬਾਸਾ ।
ਨੀਚ ਰੁਖ ਤੇ ਉਚ ਭਏ ਹੈਂ ਗੰਧ ਸੁਗੰਧ ਨਿਵਾਸਾ ।

My Lord you are like the Sandalwood and I am Arind.

By your association the scentless log has become scented.

The gracious Master accompanied by his Subas reached the Dewan. The reception was respectful as he had seen in the dream. Satguru Ji took the holy seat and men and women paid him their respect, turn by turn. What he noticed, was more surprising. The offerings were made but some of these were returned as the one who offered was either murderur of innocent daughters, or had abused some one ? He had been considering Sri Bhaini

Sahib as a den of culprits, but it turned out like the seat of justice and Dharam. He could not help waiting more. The Sardar of Bishan Pura stood up and tore up his necklace, took off his gold bangles and laid them at the feet of the True Guru. Tears were running upon his cheeks. Stammering, he solicited most humbly to bless him with Nam. I am a misguided and a great sinner. O True Guru take pity". His Holiness smiled and said 'Sardara I am a poor carpenter. You are a big landlord. How can I help you' ? He could not bear long delay, so he with deep sigh, entreated for the Nam. He went on sobbing and uttered, "You are the Carpenter, who embridged sea to cross to Lanka"

The Satguru Ji asked a bystander to bless him with Nam. This was done in no time and he fell into ecstasy and returned home on foot. Reaching home, he ordered to release all cocks, hens and goats, Wine bottles were broken off. Cutting a joke one of his friends said "Sardara, where is Cheeni' ? Cheeni has gone to his real Master. All horses, cows as well as gardens are his. I am a mere watch dog".



DIVINE GLANCE

To spread the mission of Guru Nanak and prepare for the struggle of freedom of India, Sri Satguru Ram Singh Ji was on tours. Wherever he went thousands of people thronged to hear him. At Sri Amritsar, near Guru Ka Bagh an astonishing incident took place. A big assembly of devotees was holding a Dewan. The people of all walks of life from far and near had gathered there to hear and enjoy his Darshan. The Ragis were singing Shabds in melodious tunes. The great Satguru was seated amidst the congregation. His nectarful glance and charming face was the focus of all the audience. They were deep drenched with pleasure. A pin drop silence was prevailing.

After some time there was a stir. A gang of notorious persons of Khatra was heading towards to the Kirtan Durbar. To bad luck, their parents had brought them up in wickedness. Their forefathers had been dacoits since long. They used to steal cows and mares of the villagres near by and sell them. They taught their sons the art of fighting. The winners were admired and awarded with Ghee. So these illfated youths always disturbed peace during festivals or Purbs and shed blood.

Their appearance struck the spectators with horror. As they reached the Dewan, they began to shoulder with one another. Satguru Ram Singh Ji raised his hand, The Ragis stopped reciting. Then the Greater Master cast his nectarful

glance upon the evil doers and said "Peace, Peace ! O Khushal Singh and Partap Singh stop. No more". As these words flew into their ears, to the surprise of viewers they fell on the ground and lost their senses. Then there was dead silence. Satguru Ji very kindly asked the Suba standing by to give holy Nam into their ears. This was done and the assembly broke off. Satguru Ji left for another place, but these fellows lay on the ground. Their comates put them in carts and led them home. When their mother saw them, she could not help bewailing. Their friends narrated the incident. Coming to their senses they narrated the whole story to their mother.

"Dear mother, don't worry. We are dead in this world now but have born into a new one, where there is nothing other than Nam and Gurbani. There is love and no hatred. We are the fortunate enough to see the Lord of Heaven and Earth".

Since the day they embraced the spiritualism, they never committed wrong again. The Great Master got so much pleased with them that he appointed Kushhal Singh, the Suba of their area.



DO GOOD TO ALL

I

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਬੁਰੇ ਦਾ ਭਲਾ ਕਰਿ ਗੁਸਾ ਮਨਿ ਨ ਹਢਾਇ ॥

ਦੇਹੀ ਰੋਗ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਲੈ ਸਭੁ ਕਿਛੁ ਪਾਇ ॥ ੭੩ ॥

(ਪੰਨਾ ੧੩੮੧)

O Farid do good to the wicked,

Don't be a victim of Wrath.

By doing so you would attain everything and lead a healthy life.

The Britishers annexed Punjab and hatched a new policy to drive a wedge among the sister communities. The hired touts tried to create ill will amongst the communities. In the Sikhs, this policy was done against the Namdharis, the fore-runners of freedom struggle of India. Propagation was carried on by saying "That the Kookas utter Kalam instead of Gurbani. No respect is shown to the The Holy Granth". Circulars in this regard were sent to all the Gurdwaras. Accordingly the priests in the historical Gurdwaras, treated the Namdharis as un-touchables.

S. Attar Singh Grewal was a staunch Kooka, who used to visit Mukatsar frequently. Once he went there and entered the Gurdwara to pay respect. A Nihang on seeing him, flew into rage. Though Attar Singh showed all humility, the Nihang hit him on the head and the blood gushed

out. He became unconscious and fell on the ground. Some one took him to the Namdhari, Dharamshala, where he was given first aid and given proper treatment. In a few days he was fully recovered and thanked the co-mates.

In those days Punjab was infected with plague. The Nihang also was attacked by the dreadly disease. The poor man, almost on his last legs was dragged out to crematorium for cremation, and was left there for his ultimate end. No body even bothered whether he was dead or alive.

By chance Sardar Attar Singh went out to answer the call of nature and heard the sobbing and sighing of the Nihang. Attar Singh drew nearer, the Nihang and brought him to the Dharamsala on his shoulders. There he was looked after affectionately by S. Attar Singh. In a short time he was able to walk. When he came to know, that it was the same Namdhari, whom he had hit on the head. He was much ashamed of himself and lay at his feet entreating to pardon him. He admitted by saying 'I am a misguided fool. Save me from the fire of hell. I could not understand you. Your guru is great. Please excuse me "With these words he again placed his head on his feet. But Attar Singh with profound sincerity said "O Singh Sahib ! why are you bewailing ? "Sikhism teaches to serve the needy. I have done nothing more than my duty. All thanks are due to the Master, Cheeniwala, who has given me a chance to serve you." These sweet words were nectar for him. He, with humble submission, requested to take him to his guru. Attar Singh led him to Shri Bhaini Sahib. There he was blessed by Sri Guru Hari Singh and Mata Jeewan Kaur. He spent the rest of his life serving in the Langar.

II

Do all the good you can
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley

Sat Guru Ram Singh was the champion of freedom struggle of India. He wished the Indian to be freed through non Cooperation and non-violence. This slogan shook the British imperialism. The British policy, based on divide and rule, allowed the kine to be killed in Punjab. The worst of all these slaughter houses were quite close to the sacred places. Similarly a butcher house stood by the wall of Holy Temple Harmander Sahib at Amritsar. The Kooka's could not bear this bloody sight. They attacked the slaughter house to free the cows. Some innocent were arrested, tortured and made them confess the crime. The poor fellows could not find any other way than to admit. The court delivered the decision to hang them. But they were acquitted by the Kookas, who themselves laid down their lives for the noble cause. The govt. considered the Kookas their bitter foes and wanted an excuse to crush this freedom movement. At Ludhiana and Ralkote five kookas were hanged in Public in broad-day light. The massacre at Malerktila, was the incident of high handedness. Kooka movement was declared unlawful. A Police Post was set up at the H.Q. Sri Bhaini Sahib. The

enclave of the Gurdwara was dug to the water level, and the valuables were confiscated. The Great Lord Sat Guru Ram Singh with his Subas, was deported.

Suba Kahan Singh was taken to Eden the hottest place in Arabia. It is said that a leaf falling from the tree withered dry in no time. Kahan Singh was lodged there, but he cared a bit for this and was cautious for his religious duty only.

One night a fire broke into the Bungalow of Supdt. of Jail. The flames were furious. All the occupants rushed out, but a child was left there in the cradle. On coming to know this the mother bewailed and cried for the child. The fire grew furious and none could dare to enter the room. All were helpless.

Suba Kahan Singh rushed to the spot to rescue the victim. He staked his life for the rescue of the child. To the surprise of all Suba Kahan Singh wrapped in a wet blanket, and flew into the flames. On the lips of the audience was prayer. In the twinkling of an eye, the Suba was seen out of the flames, with the child in his arms. The mother of the child in tears ran towards the rescuer. She hastily took the child into her arms, hugged and kissed the baby again and again. All the eye witnesses whether European or Arabian said with one voice "Kahan Singh is not a man but an angel from the land of the Rishis."

LORD OF WEALAH

The Sun was setting. The factory of S. Deva Singh caught fire and in no time the flames rose to the sky. Men and women from the neighbourhood rushed towards the scene. They did their best to extinguish the fire, but of no use. Alas ! the factory was totally gutted. Every one was struck with surprise and horror. They whispered : "God's works are wonderful. There is no difference between the good and the worthless. Deva Singh was the noblest soul. He never deceived any body. He was as generous as Vikramaditya. Why did it happen to him". ?

But the soft minded Deva Singh was as sober and thankful to his Sat guru as before the tregedy. To every quiry his reply was "Brothers : don't worry. It is the will of Satguru Ram Singh. Wrong is never committed by him. It is all for the best."

Next day Deva Singh woke up, took a bath and followed his religious routine. After breakfast he made his way for Narly. At noon he reached his destination. Sant Deva Singh knocked at the door. S. Baghel Singh rushed to the gate and opened it. As he saw Deva Singh he warmly greeted him, touched his feet and led him in. Sardarni of Baghel Singh washed the guests feet with warm water.

S. Baghel Singh was highly pleased with the

sudden visit of Deva Singh. He thanked the True guru for sending a saint to his house. He repeated "My Great God ! you are good enough to send a beloved of my Master. I have been praying since long" Rich food was served. Till midnight they chatted about the heroic deeds of their forefathers. Some times they sang heart rending verses in separation of Satguru Ram Singh,

‘ਪਾ ਵਤਨਾ ਵਲ ਫੇਰਾ ਦਰਦੀ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਿਆ ।’

O well wisher of the motherland ! kindly return.

Next morning Deva Singh narrated the damage to his factory and revealed his need. The saint Sardar Bhagel Singh said with pleasure, that he could have as much money as he required. Silver coins worth thirty six thousand were weighed and packed up in gunny bags. On the eve of his departure, Deva Singh with all the humility implored to have signatures for the record. S. Bhagel Singh remarked humbly "O Brother ! the master of this wealth is Satguru Ram Singh. You are one of his beloved. I am only his poor servant. Return money when you have, otherwise I would think the money has been utilised for the Lunger, Don't worry at all."





Satguru Hari Singh Ji



VISHNU LORD

Every body is a good sailor,
When the sea is calm,
But in the troubled waters
Only the brave can dare.

"Where are you going?"

"To Sri Bhaini Sahib"

"What for?"

"I am going there to satisfy my hunger.
Free food is served in the lunger day and night.
It has been running there since long."

"Where is this charitable place?"

"In Punjab, the home of freedom fighters.

Of course, the Great Guru Ram Singh Ji the
pioneer of freedom struggle started this Lunger.
Thousands of people without discrimination of
colour and creed, daily satisfied their hunger".

"But they say Guru Ram Singh is not there.
He had been deported to Burma in 1872"?

"Yes, you are right, he is not there, but his
younger brother, is maintaining the tradition.
There, not only the hungry are served but the ill-
clad are also provided with clothes. I am going
there to pass these black days".

Arriving at the holy place the famine stricken
people were astonished to find there a large num-
ber of starving people. Those men from different
parts of the land praised Guru Hari Singh for his

generosity and hospitality. Though the police at the gate had many times threatened the people to go away, yet the Chief host gave them a hint to go away and return again. Guruji's Sewadars were also feeling unhappy over the grave situation, but the Lord had advised Mahant Sewa Singh to put the wheat, maize and other corn in a Theki, to cover it at the top, with one outlet at the bottom. He had further advised them not to peep into it but to get needful from the Theki. In this way, thousands of people were served, but the Theki remained always full. Even for their cattle, fodder was also provided. Some well-wishes, so called of Shri Bhaini Sahib requested Guruji to stop feeding the famine stricken people as it would be difficult to feed them for long, but the Master's resolute reply was "I will give them as long as my stores allow. I will also go with these hungry people, however, when the stocks are exhausted." After six months, it rained so all went back home singing and dancing.

The Deputy Commissioner Ludhiana visited Sri Bhaini Sahib and reported to the Govt. the humanitarian service to the famine stricken people of Bager. Government wished to avail of the opportunity and buy the Kookas. They appreciated the generous task for the hungry and paid glowing tributes to Sh. Guru Hari Singh Ji. They made an offer of 2500 Acres of agricultural land for the Lunger. Guru Hari Singh was too wise to fall into their trap. He refused to accept the proposal by saying, "The Lunger was being run by the blessings of Guru Ram Singh Ji. By accepting your offer I don't want to prove that you are the masters of this land. By the grace of Satguruji Ram Singh we are capable of meeting the requirements without any body's help.

MATA JIWAN KAUR

"All should be charitable according to their means and sources. The needy should be provided with clothing and food. Generosity never leads to exhaustion but the riches drain away by foul ways."

— *Satguru Ram Singh*

Mata Jiwan Kaur, reverend mother, was a pious lady with a tender heart. She had love for all. None went away empty handed from her door. Bleeding persons felt relieved of pain by her touch. She equally shared woes and worries of the enemies of the Panth and looked after them more dearly than her own ones. Her loveable nature and service without discrimination brought fame and glory to Sri Bhaini Sahib.

It is well known, that after the deportation of Satguru Ram Singh Ji, there were black days for the community. The Kookas neither could enter nor leave this holy place without permission. Even Guru Hari Singh was not allowed to visit other places without complying with formalities.

Mata Ji worked for the Linger day and night. Though food stuff ran short, yet the kind mother did not allow anyone to go without having food. Mr. War Burton Supdt. Police Ludhiana, very often paid surprise visits at night to know the truth but he returned fully convinced of kind heartedness of Mata Ji.

At Sri Bhaini Sahib notorious Ghamanada and its party left no stone unturned to defame the holy place & gave false reports to the govt., Though the apostle of peace Guru Hari Singh Ji had to appear in Court in many a cases, yet it was Mata Jiwan Kaur, who always helped Ghamanada in the hour of need. Their members of the family were provided with food and cloth, whenever she learnt their unbearable condition. She used to place flour, ghee and sugar near the entrance at sun-set, so that his children not remain hungry.

When the great mother passed away in 1939 AD Ghamanda was among the mourners with the broken heart. They expressed their grief by saying that they have lost their mother. A poet has rightly said :—

ਬੁਰਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਸਭ ਬੁਰਾ ਕਮਾਂਦੇ, ਮਾਫ ਕਰਨ ਕਈ ਸਿਆਣੇ ।
ਬੁਰਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਮੁੜ ਨੇਕੀ ਕਰਨੀ, ਇਹ ਗੁਰੂ ਨਾਨਕ ਜਾਣੇ !

Every one treats the evil-doers badly, only a few intellectuals pardon them. Guru Nanak teaches to be good to all evildoers.



PARKASH

After midnight, the sky was clear and the stars were twinkling. God loving people were taking bath at wells, tanks or rivers. After the bath they sang in sweet voice.

ਭਿੰਨੀ ਰੈਨੜੀਏ ਚਮਕਣਿ ਤਾਰੇ ।

ਜਾਗਣਿ ਸੰਤ ਜਨਾ ਮੇਰੇ ਰਾਮ ਪਿਆਰੇ ।

In peaceful night when the stars twinkle
The Lovers of Ram wake upto worship Him
As the saints are indeep meditation the wordly people start getting ready for their respective business. The yokemen get busy at the plough, and the travellers on their journey. Two Nihang Singhs also set for their journey towards Sri Anand Pur Sahib. Suddenly they heard to the revelation.

"O Lovers of Guru ! for whose Darshan; you are hastening to Anand Pur Sahib, he is born at Sri Bhaini Sahib. If you desire, the guru's Darshan go there and pay your respect to him" Hearing this Kahan Singh Nihang discontinued his journey further and ejaculated with joy 'Good God Kalgi-dhar is reborn at Shri Bhaini Sahib". Both of them were in suspension whether they should go back to Bhaini Sahib or Anand Pur Sahib. But Kahan Singa was however firm, that he would go to Sri Bhaini Sahib. Both the Nihangs started moving fast to Sri Bhaini Sahib, even the bright sun rose and went higher and higher, but both the lovers had taken nothing so far. The Godly voice

was still ringing in their ears. They were so deeply in love with the Guru, that even hunger and fatigue could not reduce their speed.

ਪਰੇਮ ਮਾਹੀ ਦਾ ਪੈਂਡਾ ਲੰਮਾ, ਕਦਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਨਾ ਮੁਕਦਾ ।

ਸਿਰ ਦੇ ਕਦਮ ਬਨਾਈਏ ਜੇਕਰ, ਤਾਂ ਇਹ ਪੈਂਡਾ ਮੁਕਦਾ,

ਮੂਲ ਨਾਂ ਰੁਕਦਾ ।

The distance between the beloved & the lover is too long to be covered on foot.

On the other hand, the head instead of feet takes tread, journey comes to an end.

The sun had set. The Nihang Singhs having travelled whole of the day were fully exhausted. They decided to take rest. They kept aside their swords and arms and tried to sleep but in vain. They could not have even a wink of sleep. They went on dreaming an early arrival at Sri Bhaini Sahib to have gurus Darshan.

Next morning they woke up and restarted their journey. On the way they asked a passerby about Shri Bhaini Sahib. He pointed with hand and said, "There is the holy place, surrounded by the green trees". The Nihangs caught sight of white clothes hanging and the angels showering flowers on the wonderland. Their paces quickened. When they reached the outskirts of Sri Bhaini Sahib, near the Banyan trees, they witnessed the cheerful faces, busy in Nam Simran or reciting Gurbani. A cow-boy or a horseman or a water man or faggot carrier was singing hymns. Even women folk at utensils cleaning, corn grinding, dung sweeping, were singing gurbani. A loud voice filled the atmosphere with :—

ਹੈ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਤੇਰੀ ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ, ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ ਤੇਰੀ ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ ।

ਹੈ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਗੁਰੂ ਜੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ ।

Lord Ram Singh ! Hail, Hail, Hail all Hail
 ਅੰਡਣਾ ਸੁਹਾਵਾ ਤੇਰਾ, ਅਜ ਅੰਡਣਾ
 ਅੰਡਣਾ ਸੁਹਾਵਾ ਤੇਰਾ; ਸਤਿਗੁਰੂ ਹਰੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ
 ਅਜ ਅੰਡਣਾ ।

O Great Satguru Hari Singh, your Home is full of mirth and joy. Cheerfulness is dancing at every nook and corner.

Seeing this all, the Nihangs expressed their curiosity to know the cause of happiness. The reply was "O Singh Sahiban, the New Sun has risen on this fearless land. All Prevailing Power has come here in human body. Hearing this they flew their arms into the air and shouted loudly :—

ਬੱਲੇ ਸੋ ਨਿਹਾਲ, ਸਤਿ ਸ੍ਰੀ ਅਕਾਲ ।

"Whosoever, shouts the Great Timeless, gain abundance of mirth ? five times.

They desired to have Darshan of the New Prince. The Sevadars requested them for refreshment, but their reply was "First Darshan of Kalgi Wala and then Parshan. Please make haste. Don't delay" the wish of the Nihangs to have a darshan of the New born. Sat Guru ji acceded to their request. The attendents went to Guru Hari Singh and narrated the wish. The newly born prince was brought out. The Nihang Singhs after Panjashnana (washing hands, feet, and face) had holy Darshana. The rosy face was too glittering to glance. They saw Guru Gobind Singh in the new born baby. Kalyan Singh was fully convinced to see Him.

ਵਾਂਗ ਚੰਦਰਮਾ ਮੱਥਾ ਭਲਕੇ ਨੈਣ ਸੁੰਦਰ ਸੁਤਵਾਲੇ ।
 ਭਵਾਂ ਕਮਾਨ ਤਿੱਖਾ ਨੱਕ ਸੋਹੇ, ਕੋਮਲ ਅੰਗ ਰਸਾਲੇ ।
 ਕਮਲ ਸਮਾਨ ਬਦਨ ਜਿਉਂ ਭਾਸੇ, ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕੋਈ ਵਡਪ੍ਰਤਾਪੀ,
 ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਕਰ ਕਰ ਆਤਮਾ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਇਹ ਆਏ ਬਾਜਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ ।

The moonlike forehead, with charming eyes
 glare ?

The bow like eye brows, sharp nose with
 tender limbs are fount of sweetness.

The lotus like body presents grandeur.

Having Darshana, every soul gets convinced.
 He is the Bajanwala.

The Nihang-singhs were extremely impressed,
 and satisfied. They were overjoyed and started
 dancing. Then they prostrated on the ground.
 Then they rose up and made four rounds of the
 new-born prince. Placing offerings at the feet, they
 loudly cheered up and said that they were fortunate
 enough to have enjoyed the Holy Darshana of
 their Lord. Filth of long births had been washed
 away. They were fortunate as their desire to see
 Kalghidhar had been fulfilled. They further related
 "Our tiredness has gone. Our efforts have succee-
 ded. Our life has won laurels. O Singho ! Don't
 behold him a child. It is He, who made vanquished
 the Hawk from the sparrows".



DIVINE FEET

“Catch ! Catch !! Catch the Prisoner is running away”

There was an alarm in the Jail. The guards and wardens got alert. The Supdt. and the other officials all rushed to the scene.

The Summer Season has just started. The wheat was being thrashed. Piara Singh was supervising the work. Near by was the farm of Gama, who with his friends was grazing cattle. They drove their herd into uncle's field. Pala Singh went to them and requested them to drive the herd out. But instead of acceding to his humble request they abused and man handled him.

Pala Singh approached uncle, Sohan Singh. He got annoyed with them, but the matter ended in a compromise. After a few days when Sohan Singh was working, at his well a bullock cart driven by Gama's associates, happened to pass by. The boys blocked their way. So the driver left the cart and ran back for help. Without thinking the consequences the opponents attacked them with lathis and axes. In the clash Gama fell on the ground. With his fall, the rest of his companions fled away.

To settle the dispute the Panchayat was convened. It did its best to bring the parties to a compromise but failed. A report was lodged with the Police, Gama was admitted to the hospital

and breathed his last there. The case was opened in the court and after hearing it was referred to the Session Court at Sheikupura. Alas ! silver key opens all the doors, so decision was against Piara Singh & his colleagues, Piara Singh, Shingara Singh, Ujjagar Singh, Surinder Singh and Sham Singh were sentenced from 3 months to 3 years imprisonment and locked in Bostal jail.

Hope sustains life. Jathedar Harnam Singh Singh and the party appealed in the Lahore High Court. Jathedar Harnam Singh narrated the whole case to Satguru Partap Singh ji. Who replied that they need not worry as that there was nothing concrete in the case. If they wished to waste the money, by fighting the case further it was their will. The High Court referred the case to the Session's Court again and Piara Singh and party were again taken to the district jail. Jathedar with his associates came to see them and talked among themselves, that by making an appeal, they had committed a blunder. The innocent chaps would be committed to the capital punishment. In the jail there were some political prisoners also. They were all cheerful and happy. Piara Singh said to himself, "We are losing our lives for nothing it would have been better, if we would have died for the motherland".

There was a change in his mind. He used to rise in the morning, take bath and contemplate upon Nam : While doing his work, he always remembered Satguru Partap Singh on counting beads. One night in his cell Piara Singh was busy in Nam Simran. There was a dazzling light all around. During this light Satguru Partap appeared, drew near the cell and encouraged him not to worry. Piara Singh fell upon his feet and warm

tears rolled on his cheeks. Omnipresent True Guru, said, "Piara Singh Sat Guru Ram Singh knows everythings. Truth will triumph in the end". Sat Guru ji took out some papers from his pocket and tore them to pieces. He disappeared saying that all his false witnesses have been destroyed. There was an alarm in the jail.

After a few days Piara Singh and his companions appeared in the Sheikhpura Court and the hearing started. The witnesses were Uamar Din and Sharif. The court called Shrif, and said, "Repeat Allah i will you speak the truth ?"

"Yes, My Lord, by the name of Allah I will speak the truth.

How far you were at the time of clash ?

"At about 5 Killahs"

"Did you run" ?

"No Sir, I came as usual"

"Did you try to intervene ?"

Nodded his head

"Was naybody else injured" ?

"No Sir"

Court, O.K. Get aside.

"Alright ! Uamar Din, where were you when there was a scuffles ?

"My Lord about six Killas away"

"Did you hear the noise ?"

"Yes"

"Did you come running ?"

"No Sir : I came slowly, slowly."

"Did you see them fighting ?"

"No Sir I only saw Gama being carried away. All were running to different directions",

The Court was adjourned after fixing the date for the decision. It was the month of Chet. The Police led them to the Court. The Session Judge took the seat and announced the judgement, declaring that the Court has found there was no intention of killing anybody. All are acquitted. The hand cuffs were taken off. The relatives and friends came and hugged them but, Piara Singh was dreaming of Shri Bhaini Sahib.

Service towards the uncared, the neglected, the poor and the orphan, without any distinction of colour, creed, caste and religion having no personal relation, is service to Guru.

A THIEF TURNS SAINT

ਸਿਖ ਕੀ ਗੁਰੁ ਦੁਰਮਤਿ ਮਲ ਹਿਰੈ ॥

ਗੁਰ ਬਚਨੀ ਹਰਿ ਨਾਮੁ ਉਚਰੈ ॥

ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਸਿਖ ਕੇ ਬੰਧਨ ਕਾਟੈ ॥

ਗੁਰ ਕਾ ਸਿਖ ਬਿਕਾਰ ਤੇ ਹਾਟੈ ॥

ਸੁਖਮਨੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ (ਪੰਨਾ ੨੮੬)

The Guru wipes out the evilness of the Sikh by his grace.

The disciple chants His Nam,

The True Guru removes the shackles of his follower,

So the Sikh abandons ill ways.

Aroor Singh of Basowal, was the Lambardar of Bhainoun Pindia, Distt. Sialkote (Now in Pakistan). He was of a notorious character. Drinking and eating meat was his daily routine. Being a Police tout also, he was the ring leader of evil designers. None could dare to confront him. If any one dared he would be taken to the police station on false report and inhumanly tortured.

By his goodluck Satguru Partap Singh Ji planned a visit to the area of Aroor Singh. Suba Sohan Singh conducted the tour. On his way to Tajo Sube ji met Arur Singh. The news of arrival of Satguru ji filled every body's heart with joy. Next day the Lamberdar also reached Tajo. He saw a huge number of Namdharie clad in white clothes,

As the Great Master Satguru Partap Singh reached the gay gathering shouted Sat Sri Akal. The Lamberdar stepped forward, bowed his head and in humble words requested to grace his house. His holiness enquired of Arur Singh from the Suba, who respectfully told that he was the Lamberdar of Bhanon Pindia. Satguruji, said "Well Lamberdara ! you are not in good books of the people. If I go there they will say I visit evil doers".

"O My Lord ! if all were saintly minded, there would be no need of your goodself". You come for the thieves and dacoits" "Alright ! Give up bad habits" "O.K." Sir.

"Now you make a promise, if you go back upon your words, you would be set right by force", smilingly Satguruji murmured.

The Lamberdar went home. Whole of the area was swept. A big cot was placed amidst and a snow white bed sheet was spread on it. In the village with the beat of the drum announcement of arrival of H. Holiness was made. Satguru Ji graced the house. All the members of the family paid due respect. A big sum of money, a Khes and almonds were made as offerings. Rising up Satguru Ji repeated "Well Lamberdar, ! don't forget your promise." A disciple of Satguruji Pratap Singh blessed him with Nam in his ears.

This brought a total change in the life of Arur Singh. He started to get up early in the morning, taking bath and meditating Nam. Days went on, One night when he was retiring for rest, the members of his notoliors gang appeared. Makhan Singh said :—

"O Sardara ! Get ready. There is a big house"

“No please excuse me. I have given up all this. Now I am dead”

“How do, you say so ? There is still a smell of stolen broth in you.” Don't worry, a shark lives on small fishes. Throw off this knotty string, You have become a lamb from a lion”

The evil forces again prevailed upon him and Arur Singh accompanied the evil characters. They all reached Uchain Kiarion and broke into the house. Lamberdar stood outside to keep a watch lest some body wakes up. Inside the house the other fellows started making bundles of the stolen items. To the surprise of Arur Singh a stalwart youth drew near him, took him by the arm and led him outside. Aroor Singh stood there for a while, but again reached there. For the second time he was pulled back. Third time again Aroor Singh was pulled away from his position, but he again tried to return. On this the youth in daunting voice roared **“O foolish ! Be ashamed, of your conduct. I have been chasing you throughout the night. In a very short time, you have forgotten your words. What would the people say, a disciple of the guru commits such sinful acts ?”**

Arur Singh came to realise his mistake and learnt it was the voice of Satguru Partap Singhji. He remembered the promise, and went back to his home. Over hearing the talk, his colleagues got frightened and ran out leaving the booty behind. The culprits encircled Aroor Singh angrily and asked them, **“You foolish ! You have betrayed us.”**

But in return the smooth words slipped from lips

“Friends ! My Sat Guru has proved stronger. He does not allow me to go to hell and fall into dirty ditch. It is better for you all to be friend with Him. He is all wisdom and knowledge. We can hide nothing from him.”

THE RASUL PAK

ਤਾਤੀ ਵਾਉ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਸਰਣਾਈ ।

ਚੌਗਿਰਦ ਹਮਾਰੈ ਰਾਮੁ ਕਾਰ ਦੁਖ ਲਗੈ ਨ ਭਾਈ ।

Hot winds don't effect those, who are at the feet of Almighty God.

There is Ramkar around, so misfortunus don't draw near.

Far sighted Satguru Partap Singhji purchased a piece of land at Chechal Kothi, for thirty lacs rupees before partition. This land had been under plough by the Muslims. On the sight of Sikhs on this land, they felt frightened and disturbed. "From where that Bawa had come ? He would be a great obstacle in our way of life, said One of them. "Don't worry, what is he before us ? He will be off like a straw", the other murmured.

One day some mischief mongers hatched a plan to do away with Satguru Partap Singh. At a nearby village Amritsar, lived a God fearing, Pious Choudhri Zahur Ul Din. He had the highest regards for Satguru Partap Singhji. For Him Sat Guruji was Allah. He used to say, "His light passes through, beasts, birds as well as human beings." He advised the evil elements not to think Him as an ordinary man, God dwells in Him. He was the image of Prophet Mohmed, so it would be better for them to kiss his feet and enter heaven." The misguided one's however made fool of him and said, "Qibla ! to night we will discover his piety,

so please allow us.” But the Choudhari was of firm views. He said “If you can’t control yourself, then first try here. If you succeed, you go, otherwise kiss his feet.”

They agreed and loaded their guns. One man said, “Get ready. One, Two go” The gunnars fired, but failed. They did best twice and thrice but the result was same.”

They cut a sorry figure and felt ashamed of their Choudhari’s advice. They repented and begged pardon of Him, and all with one voice said “Baba your Bawa is far greater. We kiss dust while you win. We will never dream of such evil ideas in future” But the Choudhri further, pronounced, “My boys, have I bluffed? No sword can cut Him, No fire can burn Him, No water can drown Him. He is the Rasul Pak.”



POWERFUL PIR

Everybody knows that Satguru Partap Singh used to go from village to village to spread the teachings of Guru Nanak. The marriage of Bishan Singh S/o Jai Singh, of Village Nand Pura took place in the thirties. On the occasion H. Holiness advised the audience to contemplate over Nam give up drinking and meat-eating. He showered blessings on the young couple and left for Ferozepur.

We had hardly stepped, on the platform, when the train whistled and steamed off. Sat Guru Ji took his seat in the second class compartment and we all the rest, Bahadur Singh, Vazir Singh, Mangal Singh Arshi Frista, and myself, held the outside gate bars, hanging outside reached Kusur Rly. Station. There we tried our best to board but the Pathans in Military Uniform did not allow us to draw near the train. Even they growled and made fun of us.

At last Sant Bahadur Singh placed his foot near the edge of the gate and requested in mate passengers to allow them in the train. They took no notice, and said "You Kaffirs go to dust" Santji again begged politely but the military men were wrathful. As he tried to step in one of the Pathans caught him by the beard and pushed him back. Then Bahadur Singh caught him by the neck and dragged him out. Due to slight slackness on

one part, the Pathan re-entered the train and locked the door. Bahadur Singh kicked the door that fell flat. All of us then followed in.

Then the Pathans from the other coaches rushed out and fell upon us. The cries rose "Kill, Kill these rufians" On the platform there was total disorder. The wretched Pathans besieged us. Hearing the noise, the great Satguruji stepped out and stood up by the fence, resting His chin on the club. Sant Bahadur Singh snatched away the club and waved it into the air. As he did so all the Pathans turned their backs and ran for shelter. They were fleeing like dry leaves in a storm. Some of them hid themselves under benches, some in latrines, some fell flat on the platform. In no time the platform was clear. The passengers were witnessing the tragic game standing far away. An alarm was raised. The Police took positions and held some Pathans and Singhs into their custody.

A Railway Magistrate took seat and hearing started. On enquiring Mangal Singh broke the ice. He said "Sir listen to me. We are quite armless and possess these woollen rosaries and Gutkas only recite Nam and Preach othes to the same. Our great Guru is ever on tour. His Holiness always advises all to avoid terrorism and violence. He urges to lead a simple life and give up bad customs. He discourages dowry system and nonsense old customs. To avoide clash we reached here but unluck fell upon us.

They are agressors, while we are defenders. Is this the business of Military men to terrify the civil population? Their duty is to defend the border of the Mother Land, and help the poor. Instead of helping others they pulled the beards of

the passengers. They even closed the doors and windows of the coaches. If the watchman invites the thief, who will guard the house.

Then the subedar was quite mute. He understood the whole matter and begged pardon.

The Magistrate heard the statement and brought both the parties to conciliatory terms. The passengers took their seats and the train steamed off emitting smoke and puffing.

In the Military coaches they were all talking about this happening. "By Allah these sikhs were not men but wolves. There was a sea of white turbans on the platform. It was not less than a miracle. I ran after the bull, but my foot was caught into my salvar and fell on the ground.

By Rsul Pack such happened with me. I attacked the face of a Sikhara with a blow but my elbow got twisted and I got pain. An other boaster said "Honour me, I made many Sikhara fall. Had the police not reached I would have done most of them to death". But the other one was found refuting his bluff. Scorning at him he said, "Don't talk nonsense. Evil breeds evil and goodness earns honour. Boasting does not suit us. In reality, it was our mistake. As we sowed so reaped. We got beaten as well as kissed dust. Believe it or not it was all due by their Pir."





Mata Jiwan Kaur Ji

.. 17. 09. 1

CHIEF ENGINEER

I went to Montgumry (now in Pakistan) in search of liveli-hood. I joined in the Okara Cotton Mills. I did my best to satisfy the management and in a few days I was in the good books of the authorities. Becursed ! thy selfishness. My co-mates could not tolerate this honour. Finding a chance they loosend the nuts of my machine. It did not work properly so the output was reduced. The manager on every visit abused me. Though I did my best, yet of no avail. Thinking over and over again, I made up my mind to give up the job and return.

One night I got ready and packed up my luggage, but the True Guru Satguru Partap Singhji came forward to help me. I was waiting for a chance to slip. Sitting beside my kit, I had a wink of sleep. The Great Master with white rosary round his neck on his horseback came in my dream. Having the Holy Darshan I felt overjoyed. I stood up and touched his feet. He asked me 'Banta Singh ! why are you sad, ? "I told him the story" He said "Let us go and see your machine". I walked towards the factory with Him. The Lord advised me to tighten the nuts, which I did. After this he got out of sight and I found myself in my quarter beside my luggage. I woke up and could not help uttering, Blessed, Blessed, Blessed, Master ; You are too great to admire. I thought over it again and again and unpacked my baggage and

went to sleep.

Early in the morning, after meditation and breakfast I got ready for the duty. Then a young man stepped into my room and told me that he had been sent by Satguru Partap Singhji to set right your machine. He accompanied me to the factory, 'O God ! what a wonderful seen was.' He directly tightened those nuts, which had been directed by Him in the night. On the spot the machine began to function quite satisfactorily. I thanked him. In notime he was out of sight.

To my utmost happiness, my production was doubled. My joy knew no bounds. The manager was much pleased with me now. Whenever he passed by me he always patted on my back. When he knew reality of my less output, he threatended the evildoers to be removed. I made a humble request to pardon them for their mischievous game.

I worked there for eight months and earned a handsome amount. As the season expired, I left for Shri Bhaini Sahib. Having reached home, I handed 10% of my earnings over to my brother, Arjan Singh, who in no time led me to the Bungalow of Satguru Partap Singh, who was holding a Durbar at that time. It was a heavenly look and a good number of devotees were enjoying the bliss.

Arjan Singh placed Rs. 80/- at the feet of the Holy Lord, who smilingly said, "Arjan Singh what sort of this money is ?"

He gave the detail and said "My Lord ! Banta Singh has been working in Montgumry for eight months. He has brought this sum. He says that it is all due to your holy grace, your Holiness knows it well."

OMNIPRESENT

“Dalip Singh” !

“Yes My Lord”.

“Get ready for Suket”.

“Alright Sache-Patsha”.

“You and Gajan Singh, bring horses tomorrow to Rutti Khad. One thing more, get a bicycle and two torches from suba Jaimal Singh of Mandi. Wild animals get frightened from light” placing his hand on my shoulder, said Satguru Partap Singhji. After touching his feet in obeisance I left for Mandi. Having collected the bicycle etc., I paddled towards Suket, murmuring :-

ਜਿਸਕੇ ਸਿਰ ਉਪਰ ਤੂ ਸੁਆਮੀ ਸੋ ਦੁਖ ਕੈਸੇ ਪਾਵੈ ।

(ਪੰਨਾ ੭੪੯)

“None can dare to harm the one, who's blessed by you, my Lord”. The sun was going to the west. The stars were having a dip into the river Beas, but I had no time to enjoy this scene. Meanwhile the black clouds began to appear in the sky and the wind also started blowing. In no time it became stronger and stronger and the street lights went off. Then there was dark all around me. With all might and Nam on my tongue, I was struggling against this storm, and thinking “O Satguru, there is neither a hut nor a hotel nor shelter. You only are the saviour.”

I was just five miles away from Mandi, when a big tiger appeared. I got breathless and lost all my wits. My legs were getting heavier but recitation of Nam was on. Now I consider that it was the busiest day for Simran in my life. I was praying "O Cheeniwala Patshah ! help, help, help". At that time the words of Satguru Ji struck into my ears and I switched on the torches. A flood of light spread on the road and the beast slipped away. Taking courage I cycled but the motion of leaves and shrieking of storm frightened me of presence wild animals. To my surprise on both the sides of the road, the sound of hoofs of horses started to be heard. Only about three miles away from the occurrence a tiger came into sight again. He directly faced towards me. Then I again remembered the Lord and pressed the switches. Alas ! one torch got out of order and did not function. But I think, it is not a new thing to be so at the time of need :—

ਸਿਆਹ ਬਖਤੀ ਮੇਂ ਕਬ ਕਿਸੀ ਕਾ ਕੋਈ ਸਾਥ ਦੇਤਾ ਹੈ ।

ਕਿ ਤਰੀਕੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਾਇਆ ਭੀ ਇਨਸਾ ਸੇ ਜੁਦਾ ਹੋਤਾ ਹੈ ।

Nobody comes to stand by in the time of need,

Even the shadow of a person disappears in darkness.

I shook the torch twice or thrice. It threw light and the wild animal got away.

Only about half a mile further, the king of the forest again stood in front of me. Though I did my best but all in vain. The dreadful animal with red eyes growled, death seemed inevitable, but in those dark hours the Gurbani lit my way. . .

ਜਾ ਕਉ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲ ਅਤਿ ਬਣੇ ਢੋਈ ਕੋਈ ਨ ਦੇਇ ।

ਲਾਗੂ ਹੋਇ ਦੁਸਮਣਾ ਸਾਕ ਭਿ ਭਜਿ ਖਲੇ ।

ਸਭੋ ਭਜੈ ਆਸਰਾ ਚੁਕੇ ਸਭਿ ਅਸਰਾਉ ।

ਚਿਤਿ ਆਵੈ ਉਸ ਪਾਰ ਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਲਗੇ ਨ ਤਤੀ ਵਾਉ ।

(ਮ: ੫-ਪੰਨਾ ੭੦)

In utter distress when none is to help, even the friends turn faces and relatives flee.

When there are all helpness shadows, then by the remembrance of Almighty God, The ill luck does not draw nearear. Giving up all hopes, I got down from my bicycle, placed the axe on the wrist, closed my eyes and began to pray. With the utterance of Guru Nanak, the figure of Him appeared in my mind and in the same way all the gurus lit my inaward with their holy Darshanas. As soon as I pronounced Satguru Partap Singh, there was striking of a hand on my shoulder. With all horror I opened my eyes and beheld the tall handsome in white robes, Master of heavens, Sat Guru Partap Singhji. Smilingly he said "Dalip Singh you look frightened. Don't worry the tiger would not harm you any way" All at once I fell upon his feet. This I don't know how long. But when I rose up there was neither Satguruji nor the tiger. There was my cycle and the clouds roving over my head.

Then I was free from any danger. After midnight I reached the hut of Gajjan Singh, who gave a warm welcome and hugged me with affection. He offered a hot glass of milk and enquired of me the reason of my reaching there at the dead of night, but my reply was not to disturb me now. Please give me a blanket let me sleep. I will tell you all in the morning."

THE DEAD BROUGHT TO LIFE

ਮਿਰਤਕ ਕਉ ਜੀਵਾਲਣ ਹਾਰ ।

ਭੂਖੇ ਕਉ ਦੇਵਤ ਆਧਾਰ ।

The dead comes to life,
By the grace of Lord,
In the same way the hungry
Are provided with food.

V Guru.

Tek Singh lived at Kote Hira Singh, Distt. Montgomery. Initially his religious faith was on the Bedis. After some time there was a change of faith, He kissed the feet of Satguru Ram Singhji and got converted to Kookaism. He had a large family, Hazara Singh, Wasava Singh, Harnam Singh and Sher Singh were all like Bhim. Very often they used to sing in praise of Gurus, but the jealous burnt like red coals.

By ill luck Hazara Singh passed away. His son Harnam Singh was also like his father. When Harnam Singh was about twenty five, he feel ill. No medicine proved useful and all efforts were fruitless. He grew weaker day by day and breathed his last. Baba Jaimal Singh, Mata Bishno and others were in deep grief. The mother looked mad. She went up and down the roof stair and shouted :—

“My Satguru Partap Singh come and help me. My life boat is in whirl pool. Again she came

down and hugged his breathless son. As before she went up and called Satguruji for holy Darshan. Her appeal was granted. She heaved a sigh of relief, on seeing a motor car fast approaching Kote. Beholding the motor car she rushed down and with satisfaction uttered, "The Doctor of my son is approaching." Saying so, she ran out into the street, with her hair flowing. The villagers witnessed the painful scene. They gathered in front of the gate. The car arrived and Satguru Pratap Singhji stepped out and entered the house. The spectators paid respects and the Divine Doctor was near the bed of Harnam Singh.

He held the hand, felt the pulse and moved his hand from head to foot. As the nectarful words, "Harnam Singh get up, Leave the bed", were said, the patient opened his eyes. By and by the cold body became warm. His holiness Satguru Partap Singhji stayed there for some time and then returned. Harnam Singh in a few days was able to move about.

One day Har Kaur enquired of Harnam Singh as to what had happened to him. He replied, "My dear mother ! when I was on death bead, a few men visited the house, held me by the arm and led me off. On the way Satguru Partap Singhji came across, scolded them and asked them to leave me. Then and there the poor fellows ran away leaving me in the jungle. I fell upon his feet and returned home. When I opened my eyes, I was on my bed and the Great Master was standing near me, holding my hand."

THE DUMB BLESSED WITH LIGHT

ਮੂਕ ਉਚਰੈ ਸ਼ਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਖਟ ਪਿੰਗ ਗਿਰਨ ਚੜਿ ਜਾਇ ।
ਅੰਧ ਲਖੈ ਬਧਰੈ ਸੁਨੈ ਜੋ ਕਾਲ ਕ੍ਰਿਪਾ ਕਰਾਇ ।

By the grace of God the dumb can read out
Khat Shastra. and the lame climb up a mountain.

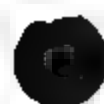
In the same way the dumb is empowered to
speak and the blind to see.

Daya Singh is leading a happy life. In his boy-hood he was mute. His parents were too much grieved. A good many doctors gave a thorough check up and did their best to make him speak but of no use. Once Satguru Partap Singh paid a Holy visit and the unhappy parents narrated their agony. The Lord at first asked them to consult some qualified doctors. At that time Ram Singh, the uncle of Daya Singh was standing there. He said, "The doctors are mere human beings, my Lord. They are good for nothing." Hearing these sincere words, he advised them to repeat a Mala of Bhagouti and Nam Simran every day and pray Satguru Ram Singh for his blessings. The parents did as they were advised and made their son to do so. To the astonishment of the villagers, the poor fellow got the power of speech.

Once out of trial, he intentionally did not perform the Bhagauti Mala, so the result was that the youth became speechless as before. The next

day the youth tendering his appology carried out routine and was quite O.K. Since then Daya Singh has been as regular as a watch in following the instructions of Satguruji and is still going on smoothly.

Note :—Daya Singh. Father Inder Singh, Mother Chand Kaur Vill. Thetla Distt, Sangrur.



The great gurus blessed us with this great boom. They pulled us from the dirty ditch. The society was plagued with non-sense songs. But the great Masters taught us to mingle with Almighty God ; as a lady enjoys the warmth with the sweet union of her husband.

—Sat Guru Partap Singh Ji.

THE BLIND BLESSED WITH SIGHT

Mangal Singh born at Sagarpur Distt. Sialkote (now in Pakistan) was a saintly person. From the day he was blessed with Nam he remained in deep meditation, for most of the time. For him, all human beings were like brothers, and did not hate any one. Very often some miscreants made off with his harvest but he used to be as smiling as a bird. Satguru Partap Singhji was too pleased with him.

In 1947 he migrated to India with his family and reached Shri Bhaini Sahib, where most of his wounds of partition were healed up. After a few days the caravan on bullock carts left for Jagmalera, now Sant Nagar, Distt. Sirsa. Unlike other refugees he maintained his mental peace and carried on his contemplation of Nam as before. He used to say it was all for the best, so he never spoke ill of any one.

The saints too have to pass the trials by Almighty. Misfortunes swarm but they fail to discourage the saints. By ill-luck sant Mangal Singh lost his eye sight and could not carry out the domestic duties. Still he never missed his routine. As usual he rose up, took bath and remembered Satguru in earnest faith. The days passed on and his elder son got married.

In the rehabilitation operation his piece of land was allotted in sandy part, so the sage had to move from village Sant Nagar to village Amritsar. He was quite contented. Habit is the second nature. Though he was tight in those days, yet he was generous. He advised his family members, not to return any one empty handed from his doors. They should distribute, what they could. At the same time no negligence was shown to his religious duties. One day in the small hours of the morning, Mangal Singh was busy in Nam simran, when a sweet voice whispered into his ears, "Mangal Singh ! Open your eyes and behold. I have covered a long distance for you." Upon this the man was surprised. He rubbed his eyes and beheld, the Great Master standing before him. Mangal Singh lost no time, rose up and fell upon his feet. After paying respects he got up but the True Guru had disappeared to help some one else. He could see quite well. He noticed his daughter-in-law was skimming milk and far off the family men at work in their fields.

In the morning he rushed to Siri Jiwan Nager to thank the Lord for his blessings. There he came to know that the Master was on tour to Thailand. The news of recovering the lost vision spread like wild fire. Who so-ever heard the incident rushed to Amritsar. People from Kariwal, Dumdama, Rania, or Sirsa etc. came to Amritsar for his Darshan and congratulated him. Thence Mangal Singh talked less and meditated more. After the occurrence he lived for twelve years and had no eye trouble at all.

HELPING IN EXAMINATION

Satguru Partap Singh paid a holy visit to Jagowal, Distt. Sangrur in 1956. The villagers extended a warm reception and paid due respect to the Master. Pandit Gopal Singh held a Dewan and delivered an impressive sermon and asked the audience to dwell on Nam, the panacea for all ills. A good number of people embraced Kookaism and accepted divine word. One of them was a young boy, Surjit Singh picking up education in a school. He was greatly impressed. Jagir Singh with other young men constituted a Jatha, that used to sing Shabads at night and dwell on Nam. The Jatha won praise of the villagers. This went on for a long time. But giving no notice Surjit Singh got irregular in the religious assemblies, as well in school studies. He grew sad and looked disgusted. One day Jagir Singh asked Surjit, "Well boy ! what has happened to you ? You look weak and sad. What is the matter with you ?" Surjit frankly admitted, that he had not taken bath since long. The Board Examination was drawing nearer and nearer. He was peniless and much worried. Jagir Singh lovingly patted on his back and said, "O Surjit ! Don't worry and lose heart. You are not alone, but Satguru Partap Singh always stands by. He is our Father and Guardian. Don't be absent from the religious assemblies. He will help you at all places and all times." Hearing these words, Surjit regained courage and began to attend

Nitname and divine functions, yet he was greatly disturbed by the thought of examination. So far he was right. An Urdu poet has weepingly said :

ਖੁਦਾ ਜ਼ੋਰੇ ਆਸਮਾਂ ਕਿਸੀ ਕਾ ਇਮਤਿਹਾਂ ਨਾ ਕਰੇ।

O God Under the roof of sky, don't put any one to test,

At last the date sheet for the annual examination of the Middle Standard was put on the notice board. Having faith on the words of Jagir Singh, Surjeet though worked hard for the examination, yet he was never absent from Nam Simran and Kirtan. Before going for the examination the Sangat prayed for examinee's succes.

Next day Surjit Singh made all sorts of preparation for the test and went to sleep. The poor fellow had a nice dream. The Great Master Satguru Partap Singh was standing with a question paper in His Hand. Then and there he handed over it to Surjit and disappeared. Surjit mastered the answers of the question. He woke up took bath prayed to Satguru Ji and left for Malerkotla. Good God the same paper as given in the dream. In the same way the Lord provided him questions next day and so on. The young examinee fared well in the Education Board Examination. By the grace of Lord Surjit Singh passed in I Division, and joined the Guru Hari Singh Mahan Vidyalaya Sri Jiwan Nagar, and taught the students most lovingly. Wonderful the University results of His classes were quite satisfactory. Now he is running a clinic at Damdama. He owns his own house and helps the poor and needy.

RAIN OF SILVER

Mata Dyala and Sant Bhan Singh was a happy couple. They were carefree and gay. By dint of honest work they were popular in the community. They were bountiful hosts. They owned a number of cows and buffaloes that yielded a good quantity of milk, but they never sold a drop of it. Every passerby was served with food, or milk or butter-milk. A road ran near the village. Large caravans of people on horse backs, camels or tongas used to travel on the road.

Kunjpur, Distt. Shekhupura was quite near Lahore. Satguru Partap Singh was very fond of horses. He enjoyed horse races and encouraged the Indian winners camping at Lahore. He also made frequent visits to Kunjpur shared with what was ready and was much pleased over this heavenly home.

Whenever the birth celebrations of Guru Nanak at Nankana Sahib were held, the mother took milk, shakar, on her head, sat by the road side and served, the hungry travellers to their fill. Her sons Sant Singh, Bhagat Singh, Vir Singh, Gurbax Singh, and Gurdial Singh were also like their parents. They all were pleased with their compassionate nature and never showed sign of anger. Their home was famous for religious assemblies. Namdhari Jathas used to visit and chant Gurbani Shabads. With Nam Simran all



Satguru Partap Singh Ji



enjoyed their hospitalities. Kraha Parshad, Khir and Shardai were freely served.

Once Sant Ala Singh, with his Jatha arrived at Kunjpura, and entered the house singing and dancing. The hosts received the jatha with warmth and made them seated on the Charpais covered with white sheets. The hosts took bath and washed their clothes comfortably. But when Mata Dyala went into the store, she found all the pots empty, no flour, no dal, no sugar. By chance Bhan Singh was out of station on some construction work. The Mata, did not lose heart and showed no sign of worry, but began to pray Satguru Partap Singh. To the surprise of Gurbax Singh, the silver coins from the roof began to rain One, two, three onward up to twentyfive in accordance with the number of guests. The mother entered the realm of ecstasy and grew sobber,. Within one hour the Lunger was ready. The Jathawala enjoyed a hearty meal. At night they passed in Singing Gurbani.

ਜੋ ਮਾਗਹਿ ਠਾਕੁਰ ਅਪਨੇ ਤੇ ਸੋਈ ਸੋਈ ਦੇਵੈ ।

ਨਾਨਕੁ ਦਾਸੁ ਮੁਖ ਤੇ ਜੋ ਬੋਲੈ ਈਹਾ ਉਹਾ ਸਚੁ ਹੋਵੈ ।

[ਮ: ੫]

He blesses the faithful devotees what they seek for.

Whatever Nanak, the Lord's slave utters with his mouth,

Becomes true both here and hereafter.

—V Guru Dhansari.

THE SAME LIGHT

ਭਾਲਾਂਗੇ ਉਠ ਨਾਮ ਜਪ ਨਿਸ ਬਾਸਰ ਆਰਾਧ ।

ਕਾਰਾ ਤੁਝੇ ਨ ਵਿਆਪਈ ਨਾਨਕ ਮਿਟੇ ਉਪਾਧਿ ।

O Man ! wake up in the early hours of the morning, dwell upon Nam and carry on day and night.

By doing so, no misery would fall upon you, Nanak says, doing this practice, conflicts do end.

It was the month of May or June. After midnight some people were snoring, some were dreaming and God fearing people were getting ready for the religious duty. In such scented hours Bibi Harbhajan Kaur and Darshan Kaur of Mandi had bath, seated themselves in a room and concentrated themselves in Simran at Sri Bhaini Sahib. By God's grace, they felt pleasure by doing something in Holy Service. Though their kith and kin live at Mandi, Himachal, yet the good ladies spend most of their time here and win favour of Mata Chand Kaur and Great Master, Satguru Jagjit Singh. In a few minutes they were fully absorbed in Simran.

To their surprise they heard a knock at the door and stepping in some one into the room. At first they shocked and crouched nearer each other. The holy Lord enquired of them, if they had taken bath. Instead of uttering a word they nodded in positive and got up to show respect. They were

still half-stood, when they saw a great change. The Lord grew taller and looked like Satguru Ram Singh, a small Khunda in the turban, long neck over the shoulder, mango like nectarful eyes, with long arms swinging up to knees.

After a while He left the room stealthily out into the yard. Darshana opened her lips, saying, "Hark look, there is Great Guru Nanak. He is still there" This wonderful scene was only for a few minutes then the holy man went back into room.

"Was he Baba Nanak or Satguru Ram Singh or Satguru Jagjit Singh" was a riddle for them. There was dead silence in the cabin. Then they neither could count beads nor sleep. All day long they could not carry on their domestic duty. They remained reserved. They neither talked nor dined but kept tight lipped, viewing the mid night scene.



BAGHI

**“Be off ! I don’t want to hear any more.”
“No you listen to liars, and displease your followers for nothing”**

**“Don’t you know me ? what I do I do.
They do what I desire. There is no interference of any one”**

“Hearing these words I left Satguru Ji in the grape orchard and returned home with a heavy heart. This incident took place around 1973 A.D. In my heart there was a great upheaval. But now I realise, that I was wrong and Amar Singh Lumberdar was not to be blamed. I stayed at Sri Jiwan Nagar for two months half heartedly. During this period, I neither attended Dewan graced by his Holiness, nor had an opportunity to see the Great Master. I slipped away. I thought there was no life.

So I left Srijiwan Nagar for Amroha, where godly man Inder Singh, Chief Engineer at U.P. State Sugar Corporation was. There I came accross Narinder, Gurdev and Gurnam. They were no less than my chums. Their company altogether changed my ideals.

Misguided I had been for a time, but there was no check on me and I was the master of my own will. No hindrence at all.

ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੁੰਡਾ, ਹਾਥੀ ਫਿਰੇ ਲੁੰਡਾ

They say youth is blind but I was the blindest of all. Pride overpowered me. Before me all were like tumbling stock. They were lifeless straws flying into the air. The Great Guru Nanak has rightly drawn the picture of this age.

The first stage of man is of a suckling.

The second state of man is knowing of Mother and Father.

The third knows of brother, sister and others.

In the fourth one thinks nothing but playing.

Eating and merry making is the fifth one,

Next to it is the sixth that recognises not good or bad but sex.

Such is also had been said by an Indian Poet-

ਨੇਕੋ ਬਦ ਸੁਝੈ ਨਹੀਂ, ਜਬ ਦਿਲ ਕਹੀਂ ਲਗ ਜਾਏ ਹੈ ।

Lover carries no distinction between vice or virtue. Mahatma Gandhi had depicted the outcome of such vagabonds. He remarked, "Not to have control over senses, is like sailing into rudderless ship bound to break into pieces on commencing in contract with the first rock" No line separates between hell or heaven. There was a throw off my white straight turban. My white Kurta followed the way of turban. The coat, the pent and Thokwi turban took their place. With the change of head gear the screws of my head got loose. I took the path, that led to the thorny jungle, where the life got polluted. Where there is nothing but shame only. It struck to me a visit to Ganka Puri.

The rest of the senses said ditto. I dressed myself like the Prince of Wales and entered Ajamal Bazar (Prostitute Den) A middle aged man drew nearer me and slammed. He said to me "You are

in search of a beloved.” I nodded in positive. The man rose up to the seventh heaven and smiles ran over his face. He said “Sardar Sahib ! Paradise flower. Inder Puri Kiapachharas wash her feet” Well a contact was made. I entered the fiery hearth and returned black-faced.

After a few days a new idea ran through my mind and made up my mind to go to Muradabad. At the same time a new mischief struck into my head. That I should go there in the Namdhari dress. With these dirty thoughts I went to sleep. To my surprise in deep slumber, the Master of Skies, whom I had left in anguish, appeared before me in the dream. I was treading along the road, when a Mercury car stopped near me. Gurmukh Singh, the driver took the car to the Petrol Pump for the fuel and Shri Satguru Ji stepped out of the car and came to me. But I the fool of the first water did not care at all. Without giving me any chance, He took hold of my shoulders. I turned my face but Satguru is Satguru. His grace is boundless. It is he., who always takes care of his followers and tries to save them falling into misdeeds. My miseries turned into silvery light.

In a funny way he enquired of me, “Oh You Kid : how are you going on ?”

Since How long you have been here ?”

“About six months.”

“Are you totally shameproof ?

I hung down my head and slowly murmured, “My Lord ! I am yours. When you desire, your goodness may set me right.”

“Alright think over it” saying so he re-entered the car and I got awake” In the morning every thing had fallen flat. The train was running on the

same track" One Sunday I dressed myself in the white best, put on the echkan, scented well and took the road that led to Muradabad. I hired a rikshaw for Veshpuri. The Police Station was quite at hand. My sight searched for some help. "But O Master ! No words can express the exaltation of yours. You leave no stone unturned to set on the right path your followers"

I was standing in the mid of the bazar. A handsome youth, with bright eyes drew nearer and asked me, "Do you know me ?"

'No'

'But I know you well. Are you not eager to go up the Chobara ? "O.K. then ? Are you not ashamed of your conduct ? Judge yourself. What your wearings speak ? "The words I know you. Are you not ashamed" shook my whole body. The ground under my feet was slipping. It was like an electric shock. From head to foot I was drenched with sweat. With heavy heart I returned and passed the night sobbing and sighing.

ਹੇਸ਼ ਆਤੀ ਹੈ ਇਨਸਾਂ ਕੋ ਠੋਕਰੇ ਖਾਠੇ ਕੇ ਬਾਦ ।

"Hardships bear sweet fruits".

I abused myself, saying "O foolish you are harbouring into troubled waters". Certainly you would be engulfed into whirl pools. Look ! the great Lord is following you even in slumber. Can't you understand ? Who warned you at Muradabad ? The same voice : the same tone. Becursed ! Hell fall upon you. Now repent and bow your proud head on the feet of Great Master. Pride hath a fall".

Next morning I woke up at about three, took bath and started meditation. There upon I felt lot of relief. Then I entered a wonder land and

came to understand that the word WAHIGURU is Satguru Jagjit Singh. He is the living incarnation of Almighty. Every moment is under his control. I scolded Amar Singh for nothing what he did it was all for the best. Had he not done so I would have gone wrong. It is the kindness of the Great Master that I have been saved from falling in the ditch. I took a pen and wrote a letter to His Holiness with the ink prepared through my tears tendering my appology. It ran thus :—

ਤੂੰ ਉਹੀ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੈਂ,
ਜਿਹੜਾ ਵਿਚ ਪ੍ਰਦੇਸੀਂ ਡੇਰਾ ਲਾਈ ਬੈਠਾ।
ਰਾਂਝੇ ਵਾਂਗਰਾਂ ਭੇਸ ਵਟਾ ਕੇ ਤੇ,
ਨਾਮ ਆਪਣਾ ਜਗਜੀਤ ਰਖਾਈ ਬੈਠਾ।

You are the same Ram Singh living far off lands,

Just Ranja as changed his name, similarly,
Great Master Jagjit Singh has done so.

Blessings shower had already been since long, but they were not flowers they were thorns. Kindness dawned. The lotion did best. The sight came clean. The spectacles of faithlessness broke off.



O Kukas ! manifest your self the image of Ram Singh your desires would be accomplished.

—Sat Guru Partap Singh Ji.

THE GUARD

Listen to me Sarpanch Sahib, I went to Ganga Nagar to purchase some goods. All day long I had been busy in the dealings. By the time the sun was going to set. I got late. Hurriedly I packed up the goods and arrived at the bus stand. Losing no time I entered the bus, placed the bundle under my seat and heaved a sigh of relief. I bought the ticket but the conductor in harsh voice said, "Place the bundle on the top. There is no room for luggage. Though I made humble requests and offered double fare, yet he did not agree. I had to comply with the conductor."

The man whistled and the bus started. In due course it reached Mandi. This place is a sort of den for notorious people. Chetu went up the roof of the bus, threw the bundle down and made off with the goods. Reaching Karnpur, I got down the bus, went up to roof but found the bundle missing. Upon this I lost my all senses. The bundle contained worth seventy five thousand rupees cloth and a few promissory notes. I brought it to the notice of the conductor, who carelessly said, "Have you not read the notice, that the passenger should keep watch over his luggage. I am not responsible for the loss. Go to the Police Station and lodge the report" Saying these words, he whistled and the bus started for the next stop.

I took a bicycle from Dewan Chand, dashed

to the Mainali and lodged a report with the police. At first they took no notice of my request but when I greased their palm, they sent two police men with me to search. We began to hunt from street to street for the thief. Being hungry and thirsty it got two. At last we reached the spot, where the culprit was sobbing and the Lord of Sri Bhaini Sahib was having a strict watch over him. The police men saw the vagabond, so the Great guru disappeared. The police whipped Chutroo and brought him to the police Station.

The vilion narrated the whole story with tearful eyes, saying "Sirs allow me some time for rest at present. I am quite out of senses" After a while in a low voice he murmured and said "When I made off with the bundle and was about to reach my hut, a man of middle size with bright eyes, in snow white clothes blocked my way and asked me to go to Thana. I could not proceed further, returned and chose the next street. Had I stepped a short distance he again appeared and repeated the same words. My feet got heavier. From there I turned and found the new way. For the third time the God Man with stout men with big clubs in their hands, roared and directed to carry out his words. Then I dared not put further a step. Until this Thakur and the Shah reached. O God, Pardon me for my misdeeds. I am quite out of breath. I can't utter more" With these words he fell upon the feet of the Police Sub Inspector and burst into tears. Touching his ears and rubbing his nose on the ground, he lay on the ground like a dead dog.

The Police was ready to send the case for trial, but I was unwilling to do so, because they

say, "If you want to have a cat for a cow, then enter the court" I pressed a ten rupee note into hands of the sub Inspector, who allowed us to go.

"At home my wife with my children was down with distress. When they saw me, their joy knew no bounds. I revealed the mishappening to them describing how the Lord of Shri Bhaini Sahib Satguru Jagjit Singh had been awake for the whole night and looked after the goods. Dear Sarpanch I have no words to express my thanks. Let me with folded hands pray to him. Scripture has read well of him.

ਜਾਮ ਗੁਰੂ ਹੋਇ ਵਲਿ ਧਨਿਹ ਕਿਆ ਗਾਰਵ ਕਿਜਿਹਿ ।

ਜਾਮ ਗੁਰੂ ਹੋਇ ਵਲਿ ਲਖ ਬਾਹੇ ਕਿਆ ਕਿਜਿਹਿ ।

On whose side the Great Guru is men of wealth can not stand before Him.

On whose side the Great Master is even persons having lacs of arms can do no harm.



DHNANTAR

Severe fever attached me. I went to Sirsa to consult Dr. Sohan Lal MBBS. After a thorough checkup he said, "You are in time, otherwise the case would have gone worse." He gave a few capsules and tablets. As soon as I took the medicine, the light of my eyes went off. There was total darkness. Friends and relatives visited, but could extend me no help. Then again I filled my purse with currency notes and made a trip to Sirsa.

There was an eye specialist near Gowshalla. He tested my sight and suggested some lotion and medicines but it was all in vain. After a long treatment he also got disappointed and murmured, "Tehal Singh there is no alternative but an operation. Regularly go on as advised. Don't worry. Mighty God will do well. Keep this ticket. Don't miss it." In quite despair I returned. My whole family was driven into the well of sorrow and grief. My life partner fell into a swoon. All around me was disappointment only.

In this sea of sorrow, a gleam of light peeped into my heart. I asked Amarjit Kaur to go to Sri Jivan Nagar and see Bebe Dalip Kaur to save us from the whirlpool of hopelessness. She faithfully, with her mother proceeded to Sri Jiwan Nagar. But they were being crushed under heavy load. Thinking "Who would care for us. None would allow us to draw near the gate, What would we

do there. O god ! Listen to us."

As they arrived at the holytown, Bebe Dalip Kaur the pious lady greeted them warmly and said, "You are fortunate. H.H. Satguru Jagjit Singh is at Mastan Garh. Hasten." They again made a request to accompany them in that hour of need and pray Satguruji for them but the kind lady gave us all sort of assurance and advised to reach there. Both the ladies again started on the new journey."

"Under heavy heart they reached Mustangarh and beheld the Great Master on the roof of Bungalow and signalled to come in. There was a big gathering. Some were eager to have Darshan, Some to solve their own problems. Hustle and bustle was in full swing. The Lord descended from the roof and all at once asked for ardas for Nitname.

After Nitname, trembling they rose and gave details of the case. Satguruji very kindly said "There are hospitals for the ill, but I keep the medicine of Nam. Repeat it with every breath and plaster the back with cold clay and pray humbly to Sri Satguru Partap Singh. Tomorrow Sri-Asa-divar is at Sant Bagar so report me there of experiment"

Hearing this they returned cheerfully and did as were advised. By good luck, in the morning the light reappeared. Mangal Singh, the elder Brother went to report about the case. The man got to Diwan, and after salutation gently uttered blessings had been showered. After concluding of Diwan an earnest solicitation was made for me. When the whole case was laid before the Master, he said, "Don't worry. That is all. The Great

Master Satguru Partap Singh is pleased. So no need to go to any Doctor."

After a few days there was a holy congregation at Nakaura. After the Bhog Satguru Jagjit kindly graced the house and examined the eyes. Still there was a black spot in the eye. But Guruji said, "There is no cause of worrying. It would also drop soon." After three months I myself visited Sri Mastangarh to have a Darshana. A shower of congratulations greeted me but bowing my head towards spontaneously slipped away to offer all sort of congratulations to the Master of Time."

Next year a poisonous snake bit me. Again I prayed and came to life. For six months I laid down on the bed but on high spirits. A Diwan was being held at Kripal Sing's house at Srijiwan Nagar. I attended the function and told my latest trouble. The advice was same to plaster cold clay on the bitten part and give up all ointments. I did follow as had been directed. There was great relief within a few days. The case annouced hopeless was heald up.

I know nothing and have no words to explain. The clay is mere useless dust ; the herbs from earth are all dust. Capsules are dust. Injections, drugs and valuabe ashes are dust. But the dust of of His feet or divine words from nectarful lips or eye glance is Sanjivini and nectar. What I can say of Him, is unable pay him homage even Surasti is speechless. I can only utter He is Beant ! Bant-Beant.

KEYS HIDDEN BY LADIES

It was the month of February. The mountains after biting cold were rising their head to peep around. Snow capped tops were working magnificent. The warm rays of the sun were creating wonderful-ness in the nature. Really it was pleasant time. In those colourful days H.H. Satguru Jagjit Singh paid a visit to Mandi. The place exhibited an extraordinary charm. The Manditiates humbly made a request to Satguruji with family to grace the Birthday celebration of Satguru Partap Singh, which was granted.

The function was to be organised by the ladies, so it was named Maian-da-mela. (Ladies-Smelan,) who devoted handsome money. The men also did not lag behind in any way and contributed generously, for the celebration. The gurudwara was tastefully decorated. Variety of food stuffs were stored. On the scheduled time there was exchange of inwarad messages. Yet a telephone call gave an information that Satguruji had left for Mandi in the morning, so He might reach there at about mid-day. The sangat got excited and the gathering minute by minute increased. The woods around added charm. There was an exciting view. The hosts were too eager to receive. They began to sing shabads.

ਦੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਗੁਰ ਮੇਰੇ ਸੰਗਤਾਂ ਉਡੀਕ ਦੀਆਂ ।

O Lord grant us your Darshan. All are waiting for you.

ਅਖਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਸਫੈਦੀ ਆਈ ਵੇਖਦਿਆਂ ਰਾਹ ਤੇਰਾ ।
ਗੋਇਆ ਕਮਲੇ ਨੈਨ ਨਾ ਪਾਵਨ ਕੇਹਾ ਨ ਮੰਨਦੇ ਮੇਰਾ ।

In your long waitings whiteness has come into eyes.

They are so restless that they insane don't obey me.

ਨਾਥ ਅਨਾਥਨ ਕੀ ਸੁਧ ਲੀਜੇ ਤੇਰੇ ਬਿਰਹਾ ਮਾਰ ਮੁਕਾਇਆ ।

O Master of the masterless why are you so late.

Soon come to see how Your separation has killed us.

Meanwhile a car with a white flag came in sight. A wave of happiness passed through all minds. With smiles on face Satguru Ji stepped out of the car. The ladies garlanded the Lord turn by turn. All touched his feet and paid their respect. The Master putting on wooden sandals asked Jathedar Sewa Singh to lead chanting Shabads. Jathedar at the height of happiness sang.

ਜਿਥੇ ਚਰਨ ਗੁਰਾਂ ਨੇ ਪਾਏ ਧਰਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਭਾਗ ਲਗ ਗਏ ।

The place got virtuous on which the Lord placed his feet.

In all ecstasy they proceeded to the Gurdwara where the day's programme was announced. The gathering disbursed.

The evening session was in full swing. The hall was packed to its capacity. Satguruji in low voice said to Sant Rattan Singh to be ready with Lunge by the conclusion of the Asa-de-Var. It would be enjoyed at Minali. In no time this touched the whole hearts especially the organisers. Their heart began to sink. There was shocking silence and

the ladies said to each other, "O be cursed. Have you heard some thing. He says they will take the lunger at Minali. If He goes there, what sort of our function ?" Shakespear says fraility thy name is woman. But the great writer was mistaken there. He might be right for the western women but the east is quite opposed to this. The ancient history reveals how a lady got regained sight for her father-in-law and lost Kingdom of her spouse. It was the woman in the prison of Ravana, who did not yield to lust of evil designer. It was the fair sex who forced Krishna to help in the court of Karoun, it was a Rajput lady who with her lady friends preferred to die in Holy Fire than to fall into clutches of Khilji. Mata Bhago, Khem Kaur and Ind Kaur were all women, who led the torch to sacrifice the youths for Dharm. Mata Hukma made fool of cunning Britishers. It was Dani of Chamba, who jammed the wheels of car of Satguru Partap Singh. The ladies resolved not let to go Him unless he dined there. So they started a Varni with Kumb, Dhup, Dip etc. and began to pray every two hours. The night passed and the ladies went on with their performance.

Next morning the Ragis came and began to sing Sri Asa-Di-Var. Some Sewadars started to prepare Lunger. Sri Satguru ji graced the Diwan and adorned his seat. Seth Trilok Singh sat by and waved Chouri. After a while Gurmukh Singh, the driver came with hung face, bowed before the Master and in a low voice murmured that the car did not start. He had done his best but proved in vain. Hearing so the Great Guru smiled and pointed him to seat. The murmur also reached the women folk, who got out of joy.

After the Asa-di-var Gurmukh Singh with

folded hands intimated the whole case. Seth Jaimal Singh taking advantage of the time stepped forward and solicited to grace homes of the disciples. The request was granted and the Sangat shouted with joy.

After breakfast his holiness paid the visit in the homes of beloved. During this time Jathedar Piara Singh with his Mrs. also reached. Having Darshana their joy knew no bounds. They narrated their sorrowful tale in tears. They hastened to the Varni Place and expressed congratulations to them.

After the gracious visit of the homes, Satguru Ji asked for Langar. While enjoying the Prashad, the Ladies at Varni were be-held. The Lord enquired for, what purpose they were performing Varni? Upon quest Rattan told the whole story. On knowing your trip to Minali they started worship. Hearing so Satguruji also shared the smiles and said, how could the car start when the keys were with the ladies. His Holiness took lunch and car started. The Holy party left for Minali. The Varni also came to close. In the evening session the Ragis sang :

ਵਿਛੋੜਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਪੇਸ਼ ਨਾ ਪੈ ਜਾਵੇ,
ਕਿਸੇ ਦਾ ਮਾਹੀ ਪ੍ਰਦੇਸ਼ ਨਾ ਜਾਵੇ ।

O God Let none suffer sepration of a lover and no beloved might go abroad. The sun was quite in haste to enter the western palace, when man god consoling the pain stricken follower of Manali returned. Night also was spent in praise of Satguru Partap Singh. Next morning the routine was carried on as usual and at the end a good number of Bhogs of Adh Granth were ceremonised. Showring blessings the lord took seat

in the car. Mata Chand Kaur seated herself also. In sweet word Satguru Jagjit Singh ji said, "Maio ! do'nt hide the keys again. We are to cover a long journey." Hearing those jolly words all entered in realm of bliss. The car wheeled off. The Hills rang with cries of Sat Sri Akal.

Since long I have been trying to sink the differences between the Hindus and the Sikhs. Several conferences have been convened and much more done in this regard yet they are watering the seeds of discord sown by the foreigners. If a do a mistake, you may point it to me, not in taunting way but in a friendly manner, not in abusing terms, nor in hatred, but with love and affection.

—Satguru Partap Singh Ji.

A COUPLE OF GEESE

ਜਨਮ ਜਨਮ ਕੀ ਇਸ ਮਨ ਕਉ ਮਲ ਲਾਗੀ ਕਾਲਾ ਹੋਆ ਸਿਆਹ ।
ਖੰਨਲੀ ਧੋਤੀ ਉਜਲੀ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ ਜੇ ਸਉ ਧੋਵਣਿ ਪਾਹੁ ।
ਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦੀ ਜੀਵਤ ਮਰੈ ਉਲਟੀ ਹੋਵੈ ਮਤਿ ਬਦਲਾਹੁ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਮੈਲੁ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਨ ਫਿਰ ਜੋਨੀ ਪਾਹੁ ।

ਮਹਲਾ ੩—੬੫੨

The mind has been polluted through birth
after birth so it has become totaly dark,
Like a Khanly that does not wash after a
hundred washes.

By the Grace of Guru if one dies in life,
gains wisdom,
Nanak Says then there is neither dirt nor
birth of cycle at all.

I passed the Middle Standard Examination
and felt as haughty as pricne. In 1948 I flew to
Nairobi and joined an electrical company. Too
much of money changed my mind as well. In
those days the Municipal Corporation Complex
was a den of culprits of the first water. As one
devil feels delighted to meet an other devil, so I
got associated with those fellows. We knew
nothing more than eating, drinking and sex. For-
tunately my grand mother Bholi was a pious lady,
who had been busy in Nam all day long. Her kind
association helped me read Shri Japuji and

Sukhmani Sahib.

In those days some times I used to visit a Singh Sabha Gurudwara, where the Guruship on the Holy Granth was emphasized. They openly declared there was no living Guru. Such sermons though disturbed me, yet I could not cut off myself from them. Reading the Holy Granth I came across a Shabad which reads as under :

ਮਨਮੁਖ ਸੇਤੀ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਬੋਹੜਿਆਂ ਦਿਨ ਚਾਰਿ ।
ਉਹ ਪਰੀਤੀ ਤੁਟਦੀ ਵਿਲਮ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ
ਇਹ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਚਲਨਿ ਵਿਕਾਰ ।
ਜਿਨਾ ਅੰਦਰ ਸਚੇ ਕਾ ਭਾਉ ਨਾਹੀ, ਨਾਮ ਨ ਕਰਹਿ ਪਿਆਰ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਤਿਨ ਸਿਉ ਕਿਆ ਕੀਜੈ ਦੋਸਤੀ
ਜੋ ਆਪ ਭੁਲਾਇ ਕਰਤਾਰਿ ।

The friendship with waywards is quite temporary.

It takes no time in breaking off and with such friendship wickedness breeds.

They, who have no love for Nam,

Nanak says there is no goodness with such friends.

They had been missled by the creator.

To show right path to way wards, Satguru Jagjit Singh ji paid a visit to Nairobi in 1962. So the Namdharis set up a grand Pandal. It struck to me to attend the Diwan of Kukas. But on the other hand there was constant fear from my degraded mates. At the same time the Singh Sabhias to lessen the importance of this heavenly congregation also organised a function in their temple. Gyani Amolak Singh from the Darauslam was specially invited. Gurbani Kirtan was in full swing when the preacher reached the Gurudwara

gate. Hearing his arrival the audience rushed to the gate to receive him. This shocked me. I thought over it again and again, what sort of this Guru was, when leaving alone most of the members went out to receive one preacher. The Gyani ji entered the hall and the cries of Sat Sri Akal were raised.

Bibi Rajinder Kaur, the Stage Secretary delivered a provoking welcome address. The audience gave the response. But truly speaking it had no effect on my mind. After her Gyani Amolak Singh rose up and in soft words Said, "Those, Who repeat Nam we may respect them as saints and may address as Baba or Sant, but pay no regard as a Guru. The speech was an eye wash. He was presented with a gold handled sword and a tape record. After the speech the Ragis sang :

ਗੁਰ ਸੇਵਾ ਤੇ ਸੁਖ ਉਪਜੈ, ਫਿਰਿ ਦੁਖਿ ਨ ਲਗੈ ਆਇ ।
ਜੰਮਣ ਮਰਣਾ ਮਿਟਿ ਗਿਆ, ਕਾਲੇ ਕਾ ਕਿਛ ਨ ਬਸਾਹਿ ।
ਹਰਿ ਸੇਤੀ ਮਨ ਰਵਿ ਰਿਹਾ, ਸਚੇ ਰਹਿਆ ਸਮਾਇ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਹਉ ਬਲਹਾਰੀ ਤਿਨ ਕਉ ਜੋ ਚਲਨਿ ਸਤਿਗੁਰਭਾਇ ।
(ਮ : ੩ ੬੫੨,)

Service of the Guru bestows comfort, No hardship can obstruct.

Neither cycle of death and birth nor the fear of time occur.

The mind enjoys the sweetness ! All mighty, mingling of him.

Nanak says he sacrifices for those, who in accordance the will of great Guru spend their time.

On the other hand I stealthily used to attend the Namdhari Diwans and enjoyed the Darshan of

Satguruji. At the end there was conclusively satisfaction that the path of the Namdhari was right. In one of the Sikh temples a Diwan was organised. Suba Darshan Singh addressed the congregation. His expression was nectarful. He lit the inner corner of the mind. After him Pandit Gopal Singh took turn. He forcefully said :

ਜਿਹ ਮੁਮਕਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕੋਹਿਗ੍ਰਾਂ ਫੂਕੇਂ ਸ ਹਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।

ਜਿਹ ਮੁਮਕਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕੋਈ ਫੂਲ, ਬਿਨਾ ਮੌਸਿਮ ਖਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।

ਜਿਹ ਮੁਮਕਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਧਾਗੇ ਸੇ ਨਦੀ ਕਾ ਪੇਟ ਸਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।

ਹਲਾਹਲ ਸੇ ਪਿਆਮੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੁਮਕਨ ਹੈ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।

ਮਗਰ ਜਿਹ ਨਾ ਮੁਮਕਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਗੁਰੂ ਬਿਨ ਗਿਆਨ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।

It is possible that a lofty mountain may shake with one's breath.

It is possible an out of date flower may bloom.

It is possible a riveret may be crossed with the piece of thread.

It is also possible, one may get life by sip of poison.

But it is beyond possibility to gain wisdom without the Guru.

The Third Guru about the subject has given his opinion :—

ਗੁਰ ਬਿਨ ਗਿਆਨ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ ਨ ਸੁਖ ਵਸੈ ਆਇ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਨਾਮ ਵਿਹੂਣ ਮਨਮੁਖੀ ਜਾਸਨ ਜਨਮ ਗਵਾਇ ।

Neither knowledge nor peace of mind can be obtained without the Guru.

Nanak says without Nam the waywards lose the game of life.

Before concluding the speech the Pandit Ji made an annoucement that' whosoever, wished

to board the ship of Guru Nanak, under the command of Satguru Ram Singh ji, might have tickets from Satguru Jagjit Singh. Trembling with fear I encouraged to stand up in the queue to purchase one. With great love Pandit Ji pronounced Nam into my ears. This totally changed my mind and soul. A list for the Holy Darshan was going to be prepared. A desire for the noble task shot up. The request was granted and the Master visited the house. The Lord of Cheerfulness, smilingly enquired of me, if I had been in the habit of meat eating. Hearing those words a black film of my misdeeds passed before my eyes. The chickens and lambs choked my throat. Surat Singh standing by, making a fun of me said, "Oh my lord don't ask him this. He swallows without tearing the feathers. But the gate of blessings when opens, none dares to stand in the way. The master very kindly said, "Allright! don't do so in future." Then and there I placed my head on his feet and the Lord passed his holy hand on my back. At that time a wave of pleasure ran through my body.

At that time the great lord asked me to bathe from head to toe and concentrate Nam. I could say nothing but said 'Oh God bestow your blessings then all will be O.K.'" The Great master visited the dwelling and overbrimmed me with gladness. My betterhalf proved better than I, and making a fun said that I had Nam from Pandit, she would receive it from Satguru Ram Singh ji. All knowledge Satguruji granted her wish. Modern age think little of the glory of the past and cast a critical glance over the rich history. They say what sort of Lord Krishana was having 60 thousands Gopies. Today I am quite confident and my personal experience sheds all shadows of disbelief.

In this Kaljug my Bhagwan Satguru Jagjit Singh, who dispelled my doubts covering a long distance from Bhaini Sahib to this land of Blacks leaving behind high mountains, deep seas, and thick forests.

The Namdhari Sangat Nairobi had solicited for Holy Darshan. So all the members of community were to contribute according to their resources. By illuck on hearing so I fell into the sea of suspicion, and felt giddy. Over again and again a silly thought disturbed me, that in the past Guru Nanak on the plea of Bebe Nanaki reached Sultanpur from Macca in no time ; Guru Tegh Bahadur pulled out the ship of Makhan Shah from the stormy whirls ; great Satguru Ram Singh saved Bhai Rai Singh from a dreadful lion, Similarly lord of Virtues, Satguru Partap Singh protected Dalip Singh of Hissar from the leopard in Himachal Pradesh at mid night.

It is strange here they are collecting contribution for the trip. Whole day long I spent in ups and downs. At last the mighty sun hid himself behind the black clouds. After the night prayer I went to bed. At mid night I tore the blanket of night, took bath, placed the Gharwa with water near me and engaged in Nam. Charan Kaur, my wife, Bibi Joginder Kaur, daughter all followed me. In no time we were in the world of bliss. Only half an hour had passed when the sound of moving wheels entered my ears. The rays of light also followed. At that time I was neither asleep nor in a dream. I thought Suba Darshan Singh from Kampala had returned. In those days the gentle man was putting up in our flat. Meanwhile the sound that cracked into my ears was of the door opening. The steps on wooden sandals

were heard. There after whole room was flooded with heavenly light. To my surprise the embodiment of sobriety, humility and piety whose pen sketch has been drawn by Sh. Pritam Singh kavi was standing before me :—

ਇਹ ਸੋਮਾ ਹੈ ਪਿਆਰਾਂ ਦਾ ।

ਖਿਆਂ, ਸੀਤਲਤਾ, ਸੁਚ ਸੰਜਮ, ਘੇਰਾ ਇਦੇ ਦੀਦਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ।

ਤਪਤ ਬੁਝੇ, ਤਨ, ਮਨ ਤੇ ਧਨ ਦੀ, ਪਾ ਝਲਕਾ ਇਕ ਠਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ।

ਦੁਖ ਭੁਲੇ ਸੁਖ ਸਹਿਜ ਉਪਜਦੇ, ਰਸ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਮੁਹਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ।

ਸੂਖਮ, ਕੋਮਲ ਸਦਾ ਸੁਗੰਧਿਤ, ਮਹਿਰਮ ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਤਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ।

ਮਨੁਖਤਾ ਦੇ ਬੂਟੇ ਉਤੇ, ਮਹਿਕਿਆ ਪੁਸ਼ਪ ਬਹਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ।

The fount of love, for-giveness, coolness, purity plays around us. His divine glance is soothing to body as well as soul. Pains vanish Comforts dwell in place. Tender, soft, odorous and over scented is knower current of heart. This flower of spring blooms on the top of tree of humanity.

When I looked up I beheld of my Lord. The scene opened the entrance of the wonderland where the members of the family swam into the sea of gladness. While the castles of suspicion were raised to the ground. The thick pillars of sin cracked down, shook heavily at the end fell on the ground :—

ਫੂਟੇ ਅੰਡਾ ਭਰਮ ਕਾ ਮਨਹਿ ਭਇਆ ਪ੍ਰਗਾਸ ।

ਕਾਟੀ ਬੇੜੀ ਪਗਹਿ ਤੇ ਗੁਰ ਕੀਨੀ ਬੰਦ ਖਲਾਸ ।

The shell of Ego or delusion has burst.

Mind is flooded with light.

The Guru has broken the fetters of the captive soul.

Since then no flaw, only the stream of faith runs through the valley and dale.

—5th Guru.



Satguru Jagjeet Singh Ji

REVIEW OF DISTRESSED SOUL

Mandi is a paradise. It is neither cold nor hot. The river Biyas runs through the city winding up and down and singing sweetly. The dwellers of the Hilly state are simple and poor. A Historic Gurudwara of Guru Gobind Singh also stands on the left bank of the Biyas. The dwelling place of Satguru Parap Singh attracts lacs of the Namdharies. Moreover godly people in white clothes with white heart, present the scene of golden age.

From Mandi a road leads to Gardens of Apples, Kulu. From there Minali, queen of hills situates, about eighteen miles from Mandi. Snowy peaks greet the tourist. On the hills spreads Brahmi Booti. In this National park there is Bichu Booti to warn the passers-by to walk carefully. Palk the pain healer of the Bichu Booti also heads up. Its massage grants total relief. Where the nature is bountiful but the hillers with their domestic animals are victim of poverty and grief. On the other hand the ponies, animals of load are quite satisfied with their lot. They cover the long journey trotting better than horses that live on grams.

Satguru is always kind to his follower. He gave them a chance to enjoy this pleasant scenery of hill stations. It was June 1963. When the great lord Satguru Jagjit Singh ji, with Pandit Gopal Singh, Gian Singh, Dan Singh Musicians, Dr.

Tirlok Singh, Amar Bharti, Sadhu Singh of The Sant Engineering Works Jalndhar, Mit, Singh of Delhi and myself accompanied him on the trip. A few youths from Mundi joined with us to help in this expedition.

At Kulu we had to go through a book. After the morning diwan there was discussions on the book. At mid-day the party enjoyed dips in the Biyas. Some swam, some washed their clothes and after it the Nit name. At 5 P.M. there was Shabad Kirtan. It was so sweet and melodious that even the birds enjoyed and kept silent. Cow herds drew closer. From there we proceeded to Minali. The place is pleasant one. The scenery was so charming that Taran Singh Vehami could not help uttering "Wah Minali, Wah Minali, Karma Wali.

From Minali the party reached Rohila, from where a few ponies were hired for the load. The horses were without saddles and reins. Pandit Gopal Singh as well as myself got down the horses, and preferred to go on foot. The party met at Murri. There we had a lunch, took rest for a while and restarted on journey. The men on foot travelled on the road side, while the Guru Jagjit Singh left the road and climbed the steep hills. He could climb the hills as comfortably as one walks on the road. He was the first to reach the Rohtang Pass. Who-so-ever reached there the gracious Lord offered Kishmis Kaju etc. With heavy heart I downed near. and touched his feet. Smilingly he enquired, "Master ji, do you know why this place is called Rohtang." I was as mum as a stone due to tiredness, and was searching for few words to answer, but the lord himself gave the reply "Master, it is so because here Tangan Rodian Han, that is one gets too tired to go

further. The pass is at the height of 1250 feet from sea level. From here slope starts. People there asked us to leave the place soon as at midday the cold wave begins to blow. After mid day no man can stand out-side.

There was a narrow footpath on the snow and tourists had to tread very carefully. Gurdev Singh said to me, "Master Ji, don't quicken your pace. Mind your self. Keep Steady," Mitt Singh tumbled down and roled on the snow. All enjoyed his fall. All smiles Satguru ji tireless was he. There a water fall lay on the way, that attracted him great, so he put off his clothes and had shower bath. There did he his Nam Simram for an hour. Gulzar Singh was holding Choury, but I feared he would down in the Chandar, as slumber was peeping into his eyes. But the kind Cheif Tourist saved him from having a fall only hitting him with his lovely rosary. Good God the party reached Kok Sar at 6, about three thousand feet down the Rotang pass.

At KokSar there stands a rest house S. Sadhu Singh approached the incharge and gave the detailed information about the party. He warmly welcomed. Being dead tired every one hid oneself into what-ever he could lay his hands on. Dr. Tirlok Singh suffered from fever. But he was O.K. after tub bath. The words are too few to express the sincerity, activity, and humility of Rattan Singh, who covering ten miles on foot prepared food for about fifteen person in quite cheerfulness.

After midnight His Holiness took bath stealthily entered the general room and woke Gian Singh and Dan Singh for Asa the War. Everyone inclines towards his own taste. A tourist is after charming scene. A glutton fonds dishes. A joker

feel's foolries. Similarly godly men keep their high ideals in their programme. Taking breakfast all were ready for the last destination. All the tourists return after visiting the Rohtang pass but this holy expeditioner had no end. Two jeeps were hired and journey started along the right bank of the Chandar river between two giant mountains. On the left side there was rock on which something was written but none could make out of the contents.

As we crossed the Bhaga there stood Keeling surrounded by big tall trees, awaiting to receive us.

The town is a sub-division with Govt. Treasury and Industrial training centre for the Loholas. The area gets more of snow fall and almost no rains. As we entered the training centre a young man with pink turban was beheld. He was astonished to see us, thinking if we had dropped from the sky. Dressed white from head to foot made him recall his glorious past. A film of sweet days passed through his eyes. How the great master Satguru Partap Singh had pulled him, out of dirty ditch, when two souls in one body, were joined and saved them from the flames of hell. Being far away from the saintly association and having little know of the present head, Satguru Jagjit Singh ji, had gone astray from the right path. Yet the youth bowed his head and paid salutation, when Pandit Gopal Singh revealed him about the holy guest. The young man fell upon his feet and begged to grace his hut. The long trip came to an end. Satguru ji enquired of him.

“Do you eat meat?”

The man trembled from head to foot and said, ‘Yes’

“Then no need for any visit.”

“My Lord the cold is too severe to bear, only such edibles keep the residents of the place fit.”

“I don't want to hear any excuse.”

Pandit ji took the advantage of the time, and made him agree to never take meat in future. Satguru ji then responded to his request by paying a visit to his house.

The man hastened towards his lodge and all of us followed. He led us to a wooden chamber, where his life companion was awaiting him. Kartar Kaur got surprised to see so many of us. Joginder Singh told his wife about Satguru Jagjit Singh ji. Then her joy knew no bounds and forgot all formalities. She spread a blue sheet on the Charpai. The master took away the covering and sat on the cot. The couple made a simple offering from the core of the heart and tendered applogy. But the Satguru ji in his sweet words murmured, that forgiver is one Satguru Partap Singh. Do not touch meat in future.

“O.K. my Lord.”

Then Satguru ji addressed Kartar Kaur if she had the Churidar Pajama, ‘Yes’,

“Do you know Ardas”

“My Lord Yes.”

“Pandit ji, add Satguru Partap Singh ji in the daily Ardass. Pandit ji did accordingly. When the cheif guest was to return, Kartar Kaur could not help bursting into tears. A flood of dispassion was overflowing the banks. She went on uttering “Oh Gracious Lord Your exaltation is beyond

expression. You have showered cold water upon my burning soul. Since long I had been no wink of sleep, Neither at night nor in the day. Over again and again there was pinch in my heart, that forgetting the glorious past, my spouse had fallen to meat eating Oh Satguru Partap Singh where should I go. My parents made him hold my hand. Giving up association of geese he had joined the crows. Parents house was left for the laws, what I should do now. There are neither parents nor laws. Before whom I should make my heart light Day and night I prayed and made the crow fly. Very often. I drowned into the sea of doubts thinking it is the Kaljug, who will come to rescue. Times had gone when the Gurus or Peer used to come to save in the hour of need. No hope at all, Certainly I would breathe my last in despair. But my Lord you are great. You are true Guru of the time. You are omnipresent, and knower of inner ward. You are the supplier of food to worm into rock. Your face tells you are the same who blessed Ahalya from stone. You are the Murli Manohar, who rushed from Mathra to save the honour of Daropati. You are the brother of Nanaki who covered a long distance from Macca on the request of her. You are the Lord of Miri Piri, who paid a visit to Kashmir to have a garment woven of indigenious cloth. You are the Rider of Ranjit, Who blessed Mata Dani peace of of Heart. You are great, your exaltation is far beyond the words. Falling upon his feet, she went on uttering, Beant, Beant, Beant.



MOULA

ਸੋਈ ਮੌਲਾ ਜਿਨਿ ਜਗ ਮਉਲਿਆ ਹਰਿਆ ਕੀਆ ਸੰਸਾਰ ।

ਆਬ ਖਾਕ ਜਿਨੇ ਬਨ ਰਹਾਇ ਧੋਨ ਸਿਰਜਨ ਹਾਰੋ ।

Moula is he, who created the wonderful universe. All thanks upon Him, the doer of combination of water and clay. Love is limit-less. The sensible have no wings to fly with them. Mian Fazal Muhamd was a true Moman, having beard on the face and Tusbi in hand. But in his heart dwelled Satguru Partap Singh. Mian resided at Sri Bhaini Sahib and was ever busy in repairs of Tanti Instruments. The Vocal instruments manufactured by him played sweetly. Ustad Harnam Singh named his products Sawan and Bhadon.

Most of his time was spent on repair, yet he attended the Diwans, where he bowed most respectfully to Satguru Partap Singh and returned after a while. In his hut either he counted beads or busy in repair.

One day the Holy master asked sant Bahadur Singh to pour Gur Mantar into his ears. It was done no time. Since then Mian enjoyed in sea of happiness. Day by day he ascended higher and higher into vast realm of Spiritualism. Independent day dawned but by the crooked policy of the foreigners communal flames engulfed the nation. The smoke of sorrow touched the sky. With the Shrills of innocent children and the widows atmosphere gloomed. The grand palaces were raised

to the ground. During this choas Mian's sons came to Sri Bhaini Sahib, and requested him to accompany with them to Pakistan. His reply was "Dear son's ! Sri Bhaini Sahib is a fear free-land in the world. The Holy place is guarded by the angles. It is no less than a paradise. You may go if you desire, I will die here". They did not listen to him and took him to Pakistan. While departing he collected the dust of the street, put it into one bag and reached Lahore in tears.

How can love strickens take rest. He was quite motionless. He lived in Lahore, with mind in Sri Bhaini Sahib. In sleep or awake he viewed the angles carrying the throne of Satguru Partap Singh on their shoulders. He also visioned the sun and the moon, like big balls in the lap of his sons. Lahore for him was like a deserted place. Some time he wept and sometimes lightened his heart by singing such seperational songs.

(a) ਦਿਲ ਲਾ ਲਿਆ ਬੇ ਪ੍ਰਵਾਹ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ,
ਦੀਨ ਦੁਨੀ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ।

(b) ਆ ਮਿਲ ਮੇਰੇ ਰਾਂਝਣਾ, ਡੁਬੀ ਹੀਰ ਗਮਾਂ ਵਿਚ ।

(c) ਵੇ ਜਾਨੀਆਂ, ਇਕ ਫੇਰਾ ਪਾ ਜਾ । ਵੇ ਸੁਹਣਿਆਂ, ਮੇਰਾ
ਦਿਲ ਪ੍ਰਚਾ ਜਾ । ਵੇ ਚਾਨਣਾ; ਚੰਨ ਮੁਖੜਾ ਵਿਖਾ ਜਾ ।

O My God ! I attached myself with the Lord of carelessness The master of earth on heaven.

(B) O My Ranja visit your greif stricken Hir. She is drowning.

(G) My beloved make a round here. O my Moon ! let me have a glance at your beautiful face. O my Chum set my mind on the path of satisfaction.

The age stricken Mian ever swept in such troubled waves. He himself fluttered and made others fluttering. All India Radio Jalandhar in sad tune announced the departur of Satguru Partap Singh, the Empror of lacks of hearts. He has left for heavenly aboded. Hearing the news he got upset Nearly he fell into a swoon. Since then his eyes went on raining. At last the light of his eyes left him for good. In order to lessen the pain he dropped painful words in ink prepared with tears to the Present Lord Satguru Jagjit Singh.

My Dear Beant Patshah ! Accept the humble submission of your slave. Alas ! Master of Skies has chosen heavenly throne, so kind master have mercy upon me. The departure from Shri Bhaini Sahib made me sick like a fish out of water. No wink of sleep at night nor day. Lahore is like a thorny trap. I am as restless as a snake, without its Munny. The Cobra of separation hisses. My bones are burning, Blood boiling; the Heart is roasting, the screws of the brain have gone lose. Like mad I talk nonsense. It would have been far better if slave has breathed his last there. What good of that life which does not enjoy the pleasant Darshana of his beloved. My Lord you know Sassi roasted in desert uttering Punu-Funu, Sohni lost her life into swelling waves of Jhana, crying Mahiwal-Mahiwal, Grief can't be shared by either brother or sister. Might God bless those leaders with far sightedness, who destroyed flourishing land making a split, between brother and brother, and divided waters. Sri Bhaini Sahib is a living paradise. Gods dwell there. But unluckily I remain here. Then pitch dark of sepration is on the zenith. Oh kind Master bless me with patiences. My dear.

ਮੁਝ ਕੋ ਤੂਫਾਨੇ ਸੇ ਬਚਾ ਲੋ, ਗਿਰ ਰਹਾ ਹੂੰ।

ਆਪ ਕਾ ਹੀ ਹੂੰ, ਨਾਮ ਲੇਵਾ, ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਖਸਤਾ ਹਾਲੀ।

Save me from the whirls of grief in which I am drowning. I am your slave growing from bad to worse.

Now I am on the last legs. None knows, when the god of Death throws me into sea of nothingness. Kindly grant me your Darshan. I make earnest request to God of death to spare my life, for a few days more. For Gods Sake O my Messenger,

ਮੇਰੀ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨੀਆਂ ਨਾ ਉਨ ਸੇ ਕਹਿਨਾ,

ਸੁਨੇਗੇ ਵੁਹ, ਤੋ ਵੁਹ ਬੀ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨ ਹੋਂਗੇ।

Don't convey my distress to him. On knowing it he would also feel perplexed.

Yours humbly slave,
Fazal Muhamd, Lohore.

The Letter reached Sri Bhaini Sahib. Gurdev Singh opened it and read out the contents to his Holiness Satguru Jagjit Singh ji, Who at once got ready to proceed to Lahore, as the mother rushes to her hungry crying babe for milk, as the cow to feed her blowing hieffer pulls the tether; as Lord Krishana knowing the arrival of his old classmate, Sudama, dashed towards the gate.

The car reached the Indo-Pak border, where after formal check up the party crossed the hot line. There a good number of receptionists were seen awaiting. The Pakistanis were quite surprised to see the white clad, tourists proceeding to the city of Lahore. The Motor reached the door of Mian. A warm welcome was accorded with due respect, touching holy feet. The Mian was putting up in the first floor, where great Guru

entered the room. The Mian Hurridly clamped the feet of Chief Guest, who sat on the chair and the latter began to relate the agony of his heart to lighten the pain. During his narration suddenly he took hold of the arm placing his hand on the shoulder remarked" It is Meem, then holding the elbow he pronounced Hai, closing the fist uttered again Meem, at the last point of the wrist as Dal. O learned Pandit ji does it not spell Mohamad Rasuli Allah, the Messenger of God. With these words he again lay down on the ground.

The Lord passed his pious hand on his back and the old man was up again. Pandit Gopal Singh with low voice asked Mian "Who taught you this lesson?" Mian recontinued saying "My dear Pandit! listen to me attentively. You are a great Scholar. At Sri Bhaini Sahib I used to view a crowd of angles around Satguru Partap Singh always standing for his orders. One day Rattan Singh was washing his feet. The water drops from the feet were dripping down. This slave was also sitting nearby. As he took off the tnanban to wipe up, hastily I caught a few drops and sipped them up. Then and there a flood of light aluminated my heart." Hearing the tale of the blind aged, men sitting nearby looked like lifeless stones as they were in deep valley of bliss. Mian made a present of dry fruit. The true Guru took a few pieces, blessed Mian with a robe and some money. The saviour of the poor descended the stairs, and seated himself into the car. The by-standers with rolling tears bowed the head and followed the car running towards Wagha. As they crossed the border gate, the tears of the goodbye-bidders rolled down into the lap of the mother land. Sri Satguru ji reached Sri Bhaini Sahib and the Mian lay down in Sajda.

WEL-COMING TO WOES

ਸੰਤ ਕਾ ਮਿਲਾਪ ਤੀਨ ਤਾਪ ਹੂੰ ਕੋ ਦੂਰ ਕਰੇ;
ਪਾਪ ਤੇ ਸਰਾਪ ਸਭ ਰੋਗ ਸੋਗ ਨਸਦਾ ।
ਸੰਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਉਪਕਾਰ ਚਾਲ ਚਲਤ ਬਿਹੰਗਮ ਕੀ;
ਜਹਾਂ ਪਗ ਧਰੇ ਮੇਘ ਮੋਹਰ ਦਾ ਵਰਸਦਾ ।
ਹੋਣਹਾਰ ਟਾਲੇ ਸੰਤ, ਮੋਇਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਜਵਾਲੇ ਸੰਤ,
ਸੰਤ ਕੇ ਛਡਾਏ ਫੇਰ ਫਾਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਫਸਦਾ ।
ਸੰਤ ਕੀ ਮਹਿਮਾ ਜਾਣ ਰਹੇ ਸਾਧ ਜਨ,
ਮਹਿਮਾ ਹੈ ਅਗਾਧ ਬੋਧ ਬੇਦ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਸਦਾ ।

The association of a saint drives a way three fevers. Sins, curse, illness, sadness go as well.

The saints do obligations winding up like a snake, Where ever they stay they shower grace

Even a saint may bring life to a dead body as he is able to divert predestination.

The dignity of a sage is too difficult to explain. It is the saint, who can speak of himself but not the four vedas.

Bura Dulla in Pakistan reminds us of a happening rare in this world of materialism. Once a Sadhu clean shaved went to the village and asked the villagers to set up a flour grinding machine for their good. All the residents welcomed the suggestion, save the husband of Basant Kaur. The divine traveller cursed the disagreeing soul to suffer from Leprosy. Saying ' these words

the holy man returned with heavy heart. The curse captivated the family so every new born babe suffered from the disease and passed away in the prime of youth. Then the grief stricken family was ever gloomy and disgusted. After a long pause a boy grew up into youth but the curse also made him its prey. The mother could not tolerate this miserable condition and requested a number of vedas, Mulans and yogis to fill her bowels, but none was able to cure the youth. At last she approached Sant Jiwan Singh Mirja Walia, The ascetic of the time. With tears in her eyes she narrated the agony. Hearing the heavy tale the saint got compassionate and gave the word to do his best. From there he took the way of Ghona Watala Distt. Sialkot, where his sister resided. The lady greeted the brother warmly and served him the best. After a while the divine person opened his heart to her and told his wishes. Hearing the demand the lady shook with fear and fell upon the horns of dilemma. Having come to know she said, "My dear saintly brother! I am ready to bow before you will, but at the same time I strongly entreat not to give my daughter to Basant Kaur the cursed family." The Wise man said, "I have given the word to wed her son. Now it is too difficult for me to go back upon. But the lady with most affection said. "How I can throw my daughter into the deserted well?"

The saint said, "Don't worry I will take Leprosy upon my self. Your daughter will enjoy a happy life". Hearing these words, the lady agreed to. The marriage took place and the bride was received gladly. Sant ji took bath carried out his routine and prayed to Satguru ji to cure the ill-fated youth and let him suffer the disease of the

young. In a few days his humble sincere request was approved. The young man got releived of the fatal disease and the kind sant suffered the pain and passed away in his stead. Guru Arjan Dev has rightly said.

ਸਾਧ ਕੀ ਮਹਿਮਾ ਬਰਨੈ ਕਉਨ ਪ੍ਰਾਣੀ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਸਾਧ ਕੀ ਸੋਭਾ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮਾਹਿ ਸਮਾਣੀ ।

Nanak says a saint's commendation is inexpressible. It is mingled with all mightly God.



With folded hands pray to God for merecy, so that you may act upon his commands on contemplation of Name and reading of Scriptures.

—Sat Guru Partap Singh Ji.

SHEET-ROLE DESTROYED

Partap Singh, after partition of the land, came from Ganga Nagar and put up at Khapar-Kheri, near Amsitsar. He was honest, hard-working, diligent and God-fearing. He possessed no lands nor bank-balances, yet he was famed as Seth. What sort of wealth he owned then ? That was high character, and morality. His main business was to vend cloth goods, going from village to village. He took little care for his own dealings, but devoted much of his time to teach morals and truth, who so-ever came accross him. He used to ask them to be honest in word and deed, help the needy and uplift the down trodden. He also encouraged his customers to rise early in the morning and remember Almighty God. Very often he poured Name into their ears and urged to follow the true Guru, the fount of all virtues and lights.

Nearby there lived Gian Singh Giani, from the Punjab University Lahore, proud of his learnings. Antiguruship was he, so the man hated Seth and made fool of his discourses as well as his actions. But works of God are wonderful. The better-half of Giani, Swarn Kaur was under evil spirits. Very often she had fits. During that time, her face depicted various signs. Some times, she shouted Khalida, and her face grew red. In the other moment she uttered Fatma and looked gay. In the same way in another instance she spoke Kali and was furious. She was totally neglectful

about her duties. She never cared for her children, whether they wept or rolled in dust or went to school hungry. Even she took little care of her spouse.

By good luck the lady came accross the Seth, who repeated Nam into her ears. Since then she never fell into those fits. Wonderfully she began to pass the night peacefully and attend to her children lovingly as well as life partner more affectionately. The change brought Giani closer to Seth. Then they had frequent dis-courses, on all subjects. The Seth forcefully asserted, "Books are mere books. True wisdom lies in Guru. By the grace of the Guru five senses come under control. Even water, fire and air, obey him."

Years rolled on. One day the Seth said to Giani, "My friend ! I am leaving this world for my heavenly abode. I am too weak to carry on my religious duty, so I long better to proceed there." "You Seth ? Do you know this ?" "Of Course, by the grace of Satguru, I am fully confident."

"Santa ! don't make fool of others"

"No I am not joking. I have already pulled ten years more."

You ?"

"Yes"

"Will you impart me a bit of the experiance ?"

"O.K. Listen. By illluck Asthama attacked me. I consulted a good number of doctors, Vedaas, Hakims, but of little use. At last I was admitted to the Guru Teg Bahadur Hospital, Amritsar. The doctors did their best, but my condition grew from bad to worse. Atlast I prayed to Satguru Jagjit Singh to bless me with his Darshan. Guruji very kindly paid a visit in the hospital and held my

pulse. After a while the great Physician remarked that I was alright and was waisting my time in the hospital. Satguru ji saying these words returned. Then and there I expressed my wish to my wife to take me home. No-longer I would stay there." Hearing this my relatives got on the horns of dileman. They were unwilling to run into risk, so they refused to obey me. On the other hand I turned down their loving appeals or suggestions, arguing, when my doctor says so, why should they stand in my way. So Jaswant Singh and his other brothers un-willingly brought me home. There after only four hours I breathed my last. The home grew gloomy. Sadness shadowed the gay hearts. Atlast they got busy for the funeral. When they had given me the last bath, my hands and feet shook. My cold body got warm. To the surprise of all I was again in life. Since then I took no medicine nor capsules and was quite right to move and restart my business."

"Good God! You died and again came to life, "Yes my brother."

"Can you recall when you were cold?"

"By all means. I remember all well. Oh Giani! attend to me."

"I was lying on the death bed; when Yamas came and took me to the court of Dharmraj. A big register was placed before me. The Dharam Raj began to go through it. All of a sudden, Sri Satguru Partap Singh appeared on the scene and enquired of Dharm Raj, why he had detained him there. His humble reply was to check up my record. Hearing so Satguruji stepped forward, snatched the register-from him, tore the papers into pieces and further asked me to go back and carry on my

mission. I returned and till now with you, since the happening.

"So virtuous you are !"

"It is all his grace. Now listen I am going to leave this home for good on Thursday. Till then I would repent for my follies and short comings. If not granted I would pass away on Sunday. O my friend ! attend to me. Let not bewail any one after death. For the funeral collect plum wood, snow-white spotless cloth for the coffin, Havan Smagri, Krah Parshad, of two seers and finally go to Satguruji's court to entreat, saying his pearl has passed, now grace his last Bhog ceremony. "Gian Singh noted his will and went home.

Wed-nesday, Thursdaay went on, and similarly Friday and Saturday followed. Gian Singh had not met him. On Sunday Giani took bath and reached, where Kirtan of Sri Asa-di-Var in full-swing was on. Only thirteen Shalokas were to be recited." Giani ji also shared. The sage as usual after his six hour religious routine appeared on the last phase :—

ਤੁਮ ਘਰਿ ਆਵਹੁ ਮੇਰੇ ਮੀਤ ।

ਤੁਮਰੇ ਦੋਖੀ ਹਰਿ ਆਪ ਨਿਵਾਰੇ ਅਪਦਾ ਭਈ ਬਤੀਤ ।

My beloved ! Pay a visit. Your foes may fall and evil days go. This was sung at the top of the voice. Gurbachan Singh did the Ardasa and from the Adigranth there was the Shabad :

ਜਾਕਾ ਮੀਤ ਸਾਜਨੁ ਹੈ ਸਮੀਆ ।

ਤਿਸੁ ਜਨ ਕਉ ਕਹੁ ਕਾਂਕੀ ਕਮੀਆ ।

On whose side the Friend of all stands by, there needs no lackings. Giani ji was entreated to

explain the Verse :—

ਗਹਿਰੀ ਕਰਕੇ ਨੀਵ ਖੁਦਾਈ ਉਪਰਿ ਮੰਡਪ ਛਾਏ ।

ਮਾਰ ਕੰਡੇ ਤੇ ਕੋ ਅਧਿਕਾਈ ਜਿਨ ਕ੍ਰਿਣ ਧਰ ਮੁੰਡ ਬਲਾਏ ।

Gian Singh with humble words refused, so the sage himself explained thoroughly. At the end of the Katha the departing soul had a hearty laugh and downed his head never to rise. Giani says he was fortunate enough to enjoy the holy Darshana of Satguru Partap Singh ji on the Ranjit horse. When considerable time had passed, Mahan Pursh touched the Seth and found him life-less.

The news of death spread like wild fire. Thousands of his admirers thronged and joined the funeral procession. There was no mourning and grief. All were singing and dancing. Every thing was carried out according to the Seth's wish.

Satguru Jagjit Singh postponing his foreign tour for the Seth's sake returned to India. After twenty-three days, in the presence of Satguru ji the Shalokas of the nineth Guru from the Adi-granth were read. At the end a grand feast was enjoyed, by high and low. Returning towards their homes, there was a common talk that the Seth was not the man of this world, but the dweller of heaven.



At present in such foul atmosphere, only those, who contemplate over Name, will survive, just corn near pivot is safe. None can claim any right over this, who so ever sows will reap. If a Kooka contemplates not, he will go to dogs. There will be no distinction at all, whether he a Hindu, a Sikh, a Smaji a Sanatni or an Akali. No concession for anyone. No caste, no colour nor creed, nor religion, is considerable as he is the Master of all.



With folded hands pray to God for mercy, so that you may act upon his commands on contemplation of name and reading of Scriptures.

—Sat Satguru Partap Singh Ji.





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|---|-----------|
| 1. Bal Sikhia | (Punjabi) |
| 2. Vidyak Pothi | (Punjabi) |
| 3. Seetalta-da-Srote | (Punjabi) |
| 4. Bouy Cott | (Punjabi) |
| 5. Choji Pritam | (Punjabi) |
| 6. Beant Lila | (Punjabi) |
| 7. Matan | (Punjabi) |
| 8. Rattan Mala | (Punjabi) |
| 9. Dane-te Mastane | (Punjabi) |
| 10. Satguru Ram Singh | (Punjabi) |
| 11. Topan Garj-dian-Gian
Kooke Vadh-de-gai | (Punjabi) |
| 12. Kookian-da-Panth Nirala | (Punjabi) |
| 13. Enlighteners | (English) |
| 13. Lord of Virtues | (English) |